★ Aug. 21, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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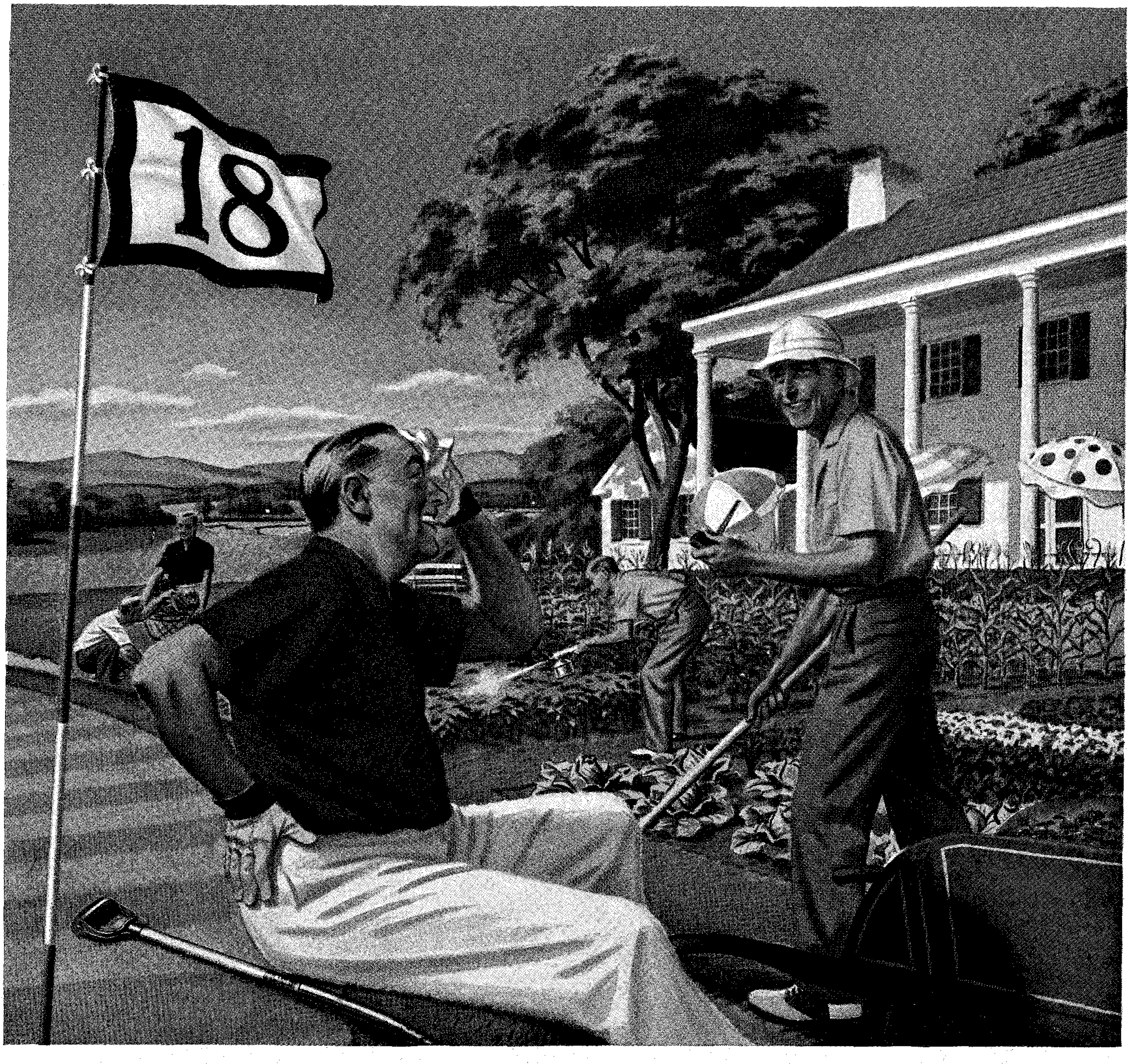
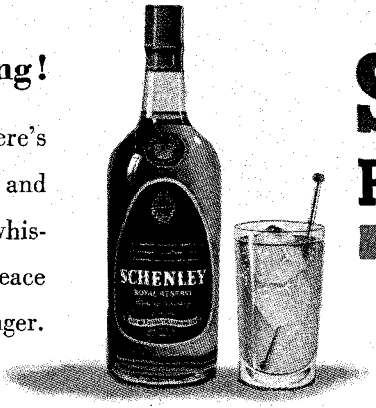


Greens Committee, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

There's more gardening and less golf these days. There's more alcohol for war use, too, because Schenley and other distilleries are on war work exclusively. The whiskey available for Royal Reserve was distilled in peace time. Use it sparingly . . . and enjoy it that much longer.



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ROYAL RESERVE
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Before Anything Else, Buy War Bonds

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y.

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"DINNER IS SERVED.."

FOR THE NIGHT SHIFT

"Set the table for several million people. Some want breakfast, some dinner."

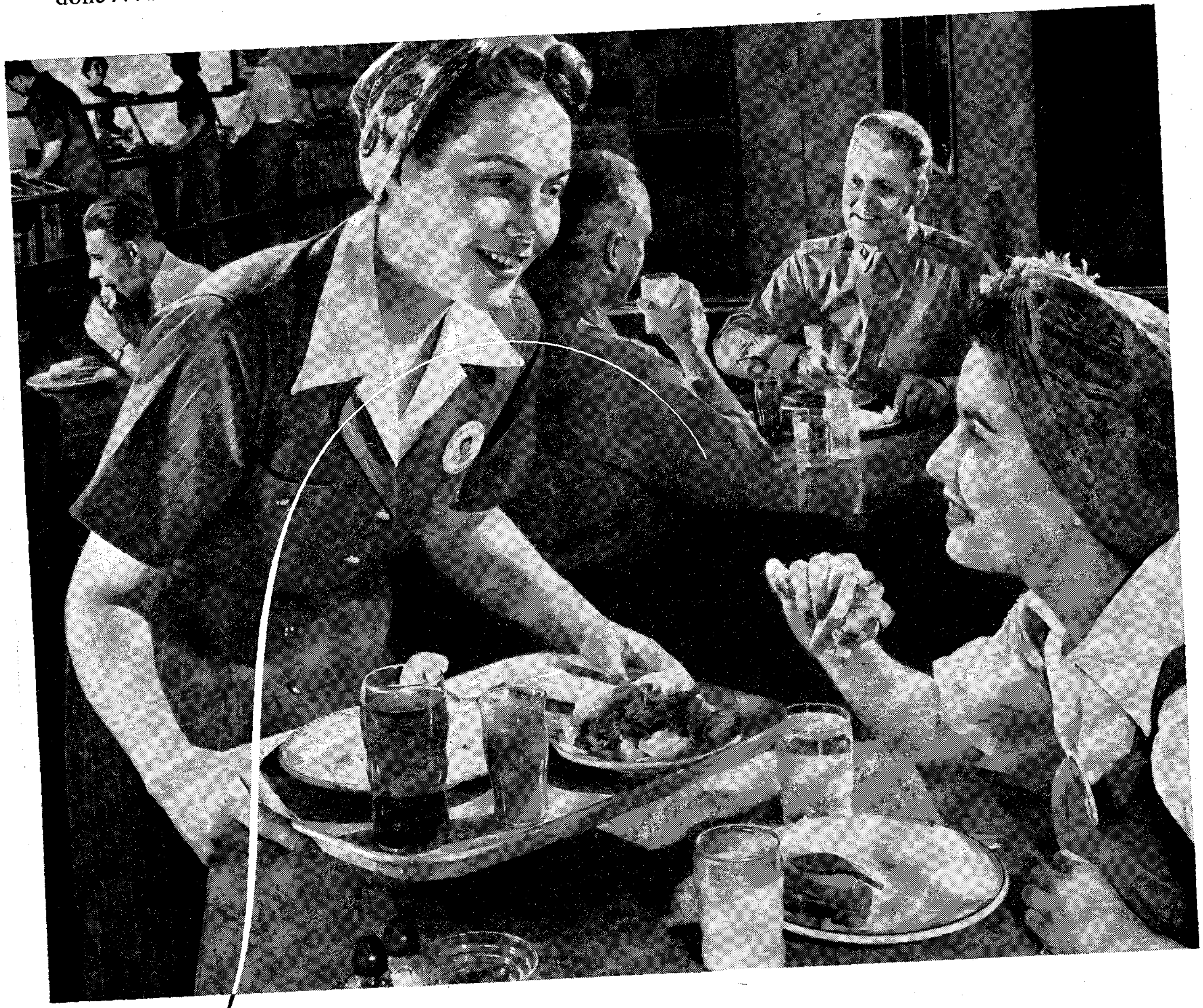
That's the meal order war brought to plant cafeterias and commissaries, restaurants and other institutions who feed America's workers.

It's a big job and essential—providing hot, nutritious meals for war workers. For husbands and wives on war jobs, with no time to market and cook. For the night shift, who dine in the morning, breakfast at night.

And, despite problems of help and supplies, this huge job of helping feed America is being done . . . *and done well!*

Libbey is proud to be able to supply these essential institutions with the Safedge Glassware needed for serving millions of meals daily.

Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.



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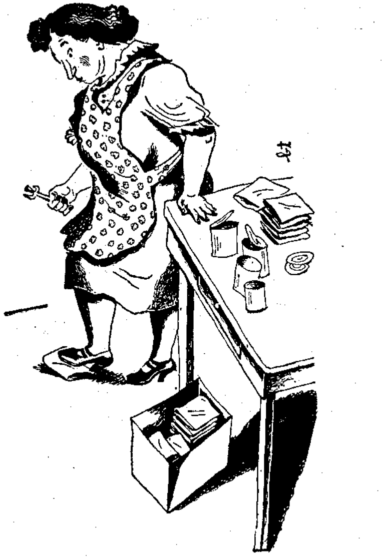
SERVING THOSE WHO SERVE AMERICA

BUY MORE WAR BONDS ☆

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. With Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—A melodrama, the main attraction of which is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a good, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Murder Without Crime—A four-character melodrama, with Viola Keats and Bretaigne Windust. Produced by Mr. Windust, J. H. Del Bondio, and Tom Weatherly. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 19 and 21, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Chauve-Souris of 1943—A new edition of the old Russian revue, with a Russian cast, and of interest, mainly, to Russians. There's some singing and dancing, though, that should get across to anybody. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with a cast including Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful American adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Run Little Chillun—For admirers of Hall Johnson music by the Hall Johnson Choir. The Hall Johnson dialogue is no better than it was in 1933, when the play was first produced. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have left the cast, but Frank Libuse is still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Aug. 28.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
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TELEPHONE
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Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of that old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, Frank Hornaday, and Barbara Scully are in it. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:35.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leading a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

The Army Play-by-Play—A return engagement of five one-act plays written, acted, and directed by soldiers. Presented by the Second Service Command and John Golden as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Aug. 28.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Extra Mats. Thurs., Aug. 19 and 26, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a charming greenwood air just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue surrounded by ferns and fountains. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo has settled down here, and there's also Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Strictly Manhattan palm trees and a show that includes the Ink Spots, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of at a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Not lapped by any waves, even at high tide, but still refreshing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, a well-appointed place of large dimensions, offers Fred and Elaine Barry, a mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Larry Siry's orchestra and a dance team.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this attractive room.

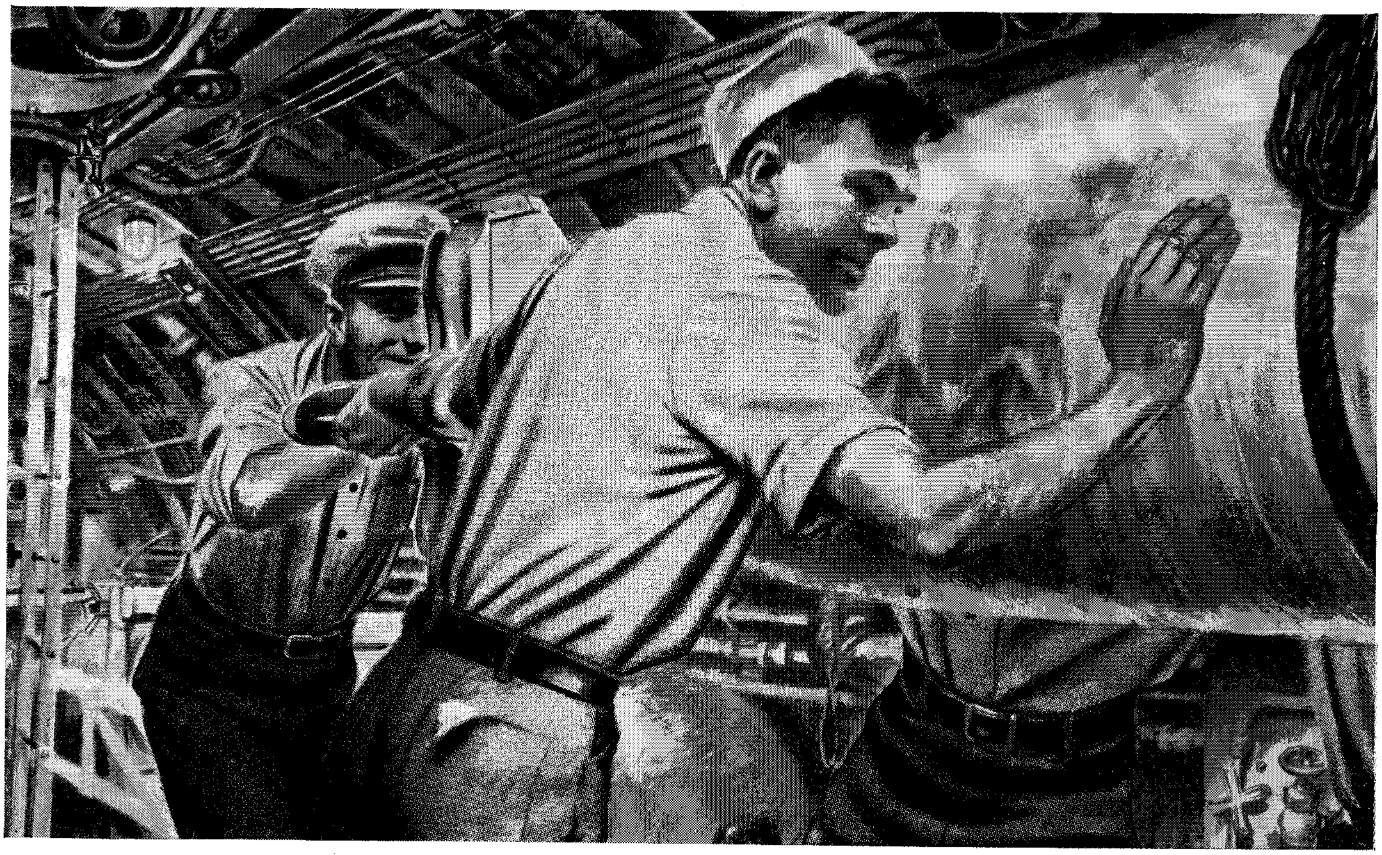
Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Roy George's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays on the Starlight Roof all evening, and Morton Downey and Mischa Borr's orchestra are on hand for the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

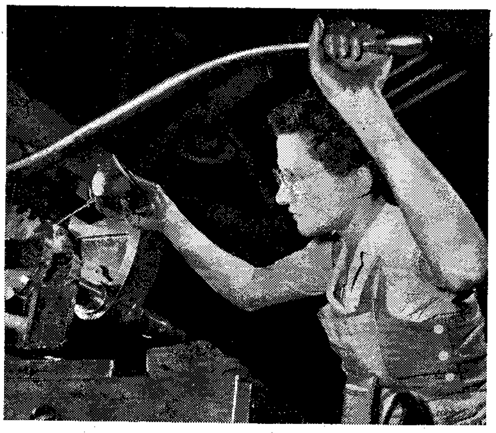
Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): sprightly but restful, with the Leonard Ware Trio and quite a few others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spivy herself singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISI-**

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 27, Aug. 21, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



Westinghouse makes a pledge to a boy in a submarine . . .

. . . that if care and skill and conscience can insure it—every single piece of Westinghouse war equipment shall meet the test of battle with performance beyond expectation . . . that every Westinghouse war weapon shall prove worthy of its high trust.



Westinghouse makes a pledge to a girl at a milling machine . . .

. . . to Ann McCastland, whose husband is with the fighting Marines, and to thousands like her in Westinghouse factories who have loved ones at the fighting fronts—a pledge that in wartime our only business is Victory . . . that we are vitally concerned with anything our "know-how" can design or build to speed the winning of the war.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a woman and her dreams . . .

. . . that some day, not too far distant, her life shall be richer and happier because of the tremendous progress now being born of research and experience in making war weapons . . . that new electric products, appliances, equipment, shall bring her greater comfort and leisure in the days of peace to come. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): this club, which has been closed for a few days, will reopen on Mon., Aug. 23, with a show headed by Celeste Holm. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a big, comfortable room, where you can listen to Roger Stearns' piano music; closes for a week or two on Sun., Aug. 22. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): big and noisy, with Charles Baum's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Walter O'Keefe. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . COCOANUT GROVE, 7 Ave. at 55 (CI 7-8000): Cab Calloway and his band head the show here. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a good-sized show. . . . FOLIES BERGÈRE, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls; Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras. . . . CAFÉ ZANZIBAR, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and lots of others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs Havana-Madrid sort of place, with Antonio and Rosario and a rumba band.

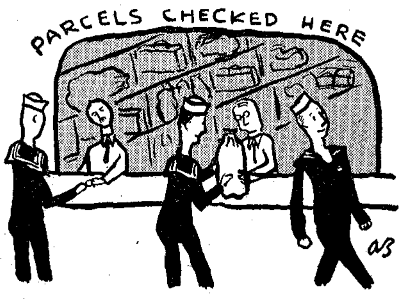
Mostly for Music—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Frankie Newton's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues at this one. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this unpretentious place.

Al-Fresco—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evening. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Drawings—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.



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East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 3.

European and American—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a group show of oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 3. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: paintings by John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Groups—At the KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: new and old paintings by Guy Pène du Bois, Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, and a number of other modern American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 3. . . . MORTIMER BRANDT, 50 E. 57: works by Francis Chapin, Vaclav Vytlacil, Cameron Booth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors, oils, and black-and-whites by members of this gallery's group, including Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, and Georges Schreiber. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 10. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Tues. through Thurs., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Over a hundred paintings of war scenes in battle zones and at home, done for *Life Magazine* by Aaron Bohrod, Fletcher Martin, Paul Sample, and several other American artists (through Sept. 19); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 15). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Ten newly-acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

SPORTS

Baseball—War Bond Game—A team of servicemen vs. players of the Giants, Yankees, and Dodgers; to be preceded by a show staged by Billy Rose: Polo Grounds, Thurs., Aug. 26. Entertainment begins at 3 P.M.; baseball game at 5 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Bonds.)

Regular games—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 19 and 21, at 2:30 P.M., and Fri., Aug. 20 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun., Aug. 22 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 24 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Aug. 28, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Aug. 19, at 5 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun., Aug. 22 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., Tues., Aug. 24, at 5 P.M., and Wed., Aug. 25, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—On FRI., AUG. 20: Bobby Ruffin vs. Sal Bartolo, lightweights, 10 rounds, Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M. . . . FRI., AUG. 27: Henry Armstrong vs. Ray Robinson, welterweights, 10 rounds, place to be announced. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Racing—Saratoga Meeting at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 28. (The Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 21; the Saratoga Steeplechase, Aug. 25; the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 28.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.

Tennis—Invitation tournament for men and women (a benefit for men in the armed forces), Meadow Club, Southampton, daily through Sun., Aug. 22.

Trotting—Weekdays at Empire City at 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 6. (Trains leave Grand Central daily at 4:35, 4:37, and 5:06 P.M.)

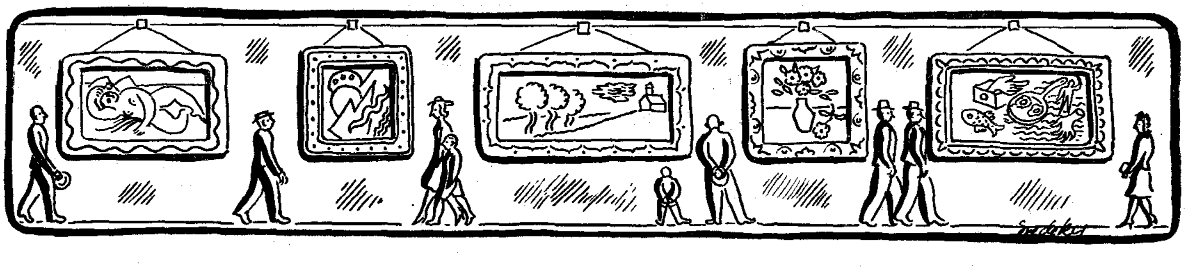
Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: New York Athletic Club, Sun., Aug. 22, at about 1 P.M. . . . Star Class races, Bay Shore Y.C., Great South Bay: Atlantic Coast Championship, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 20-22; World Championship, Tues. through Sat., Aug. 24-28.

OTHER EVENTS

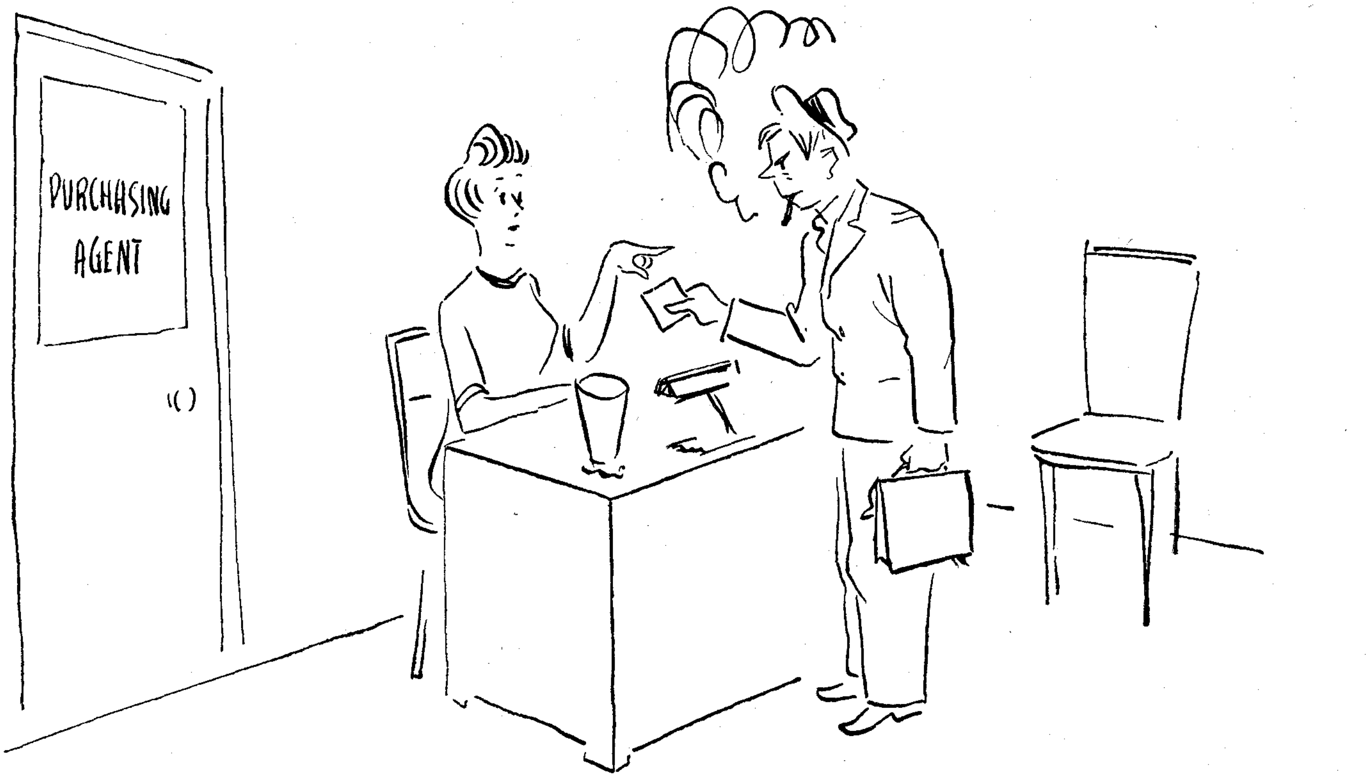
Wartime Exhibitions—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., Rockefeller Center: "Wings for Victory," a show put on by the New York Air Defense Wing of the Army Air Forces, featuring a facsimile of the Aircraft Warning Center and a dramatization of the activities there, lectures and films on the identification of planes, and a photographic display showing the training of an American pilot. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 28. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as shown by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 31); also, an exhibition, assembled by Gregory Bateson, of photographs, sculptures, and paintings from the Island of Bali, showing the culture of its people, and designed to illustrate the problems which confront an army of occupation in any foreign territory (through Sept. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, and scale models of wind-tunnels and engines (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals of wartime life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

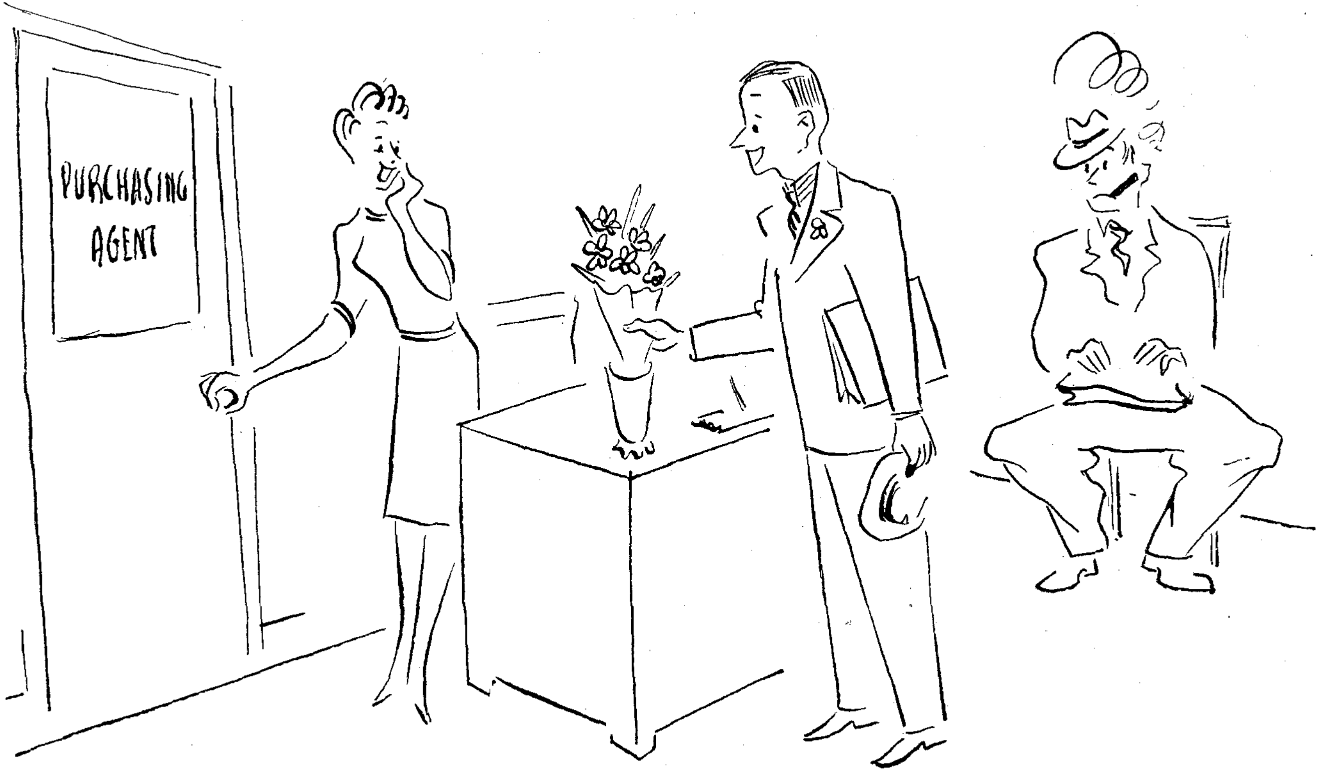
Benefit—A Military Ball, sponsored by the Women's Victory League, for Bundles for Buddies: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat., Aug. 28, at 9 P.M.

On the Air—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun., Aug. 22, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Josef Hofmann, Sun., Aug. 22, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Aug. 22, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Racing: Saratoga



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

Today's Journal audience is as broad, varied, characteristic as today's way of life. The latest new-subscriber survey shows that in 45% of Journal homes checked, more than one person is employed . . . in 25%, women and girls themselves are working.

LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD

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JOURNAL

Loveliness

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The manicures that bring beauty to your hands begin with fine implements, which naturally means made by La Cross. Take extra-gentle care of those you have to prolong their usefulness till Victory. They may be the last you can get for the duration, for the skill that yesterday made La Cross manicure implements America's finest is now making surgical instruments for America's fighting men.

La Cross, precision tested polish — color perfect in fashion shades.

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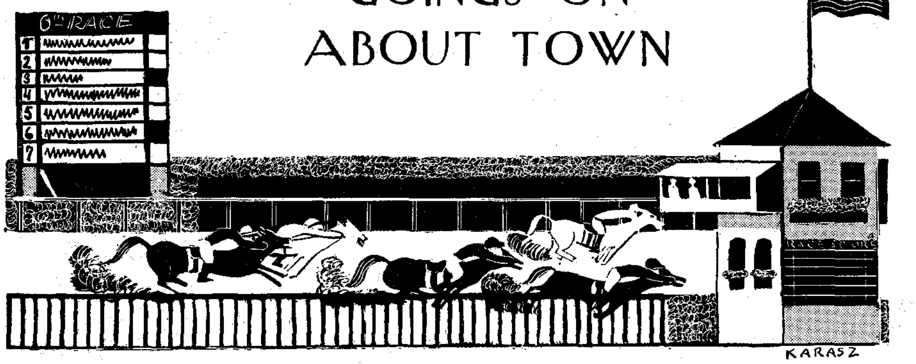
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

Handicap, Sat., Aug. 21; Saratoga Cup, Sat., Aug. 28; at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WEAF, and WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—This story of how lend-lease goes through has been given spectacular production. With Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, and Ruth Gordon. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 20-21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 20-23.)

BATAAN—Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, and others carry out a realistic delaying action in the Philippines. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Aug. 25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 20-21.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The novel about an adolescent girl in love with a musician, warmed over, and ably, with the help of Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Aug. 26.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A handsome, Technicolored adaptation, notable for its fast pace and some excellent bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment, but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are fine performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Normandie, Park at 53; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Aug. 19. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 22-24.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book that is often awkward and tiresome but that has excellent moments and an important message, to wit: collective security. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and a good slice of the Group Theatre are in the cast. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 20. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Aug. 22. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Aug. 23. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 21-27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 22-23. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 24-26.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—A funny, if not exactly definitive, treatment of the Washington housing problem, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Aug. 19. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Aug. 23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 22-24.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—A fine soldier show transferred to the screen with Hollywood additions, many of them successful. George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth are some of the civilians in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney throws his ingenuity on the side of the long range bombing school of strategy. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 25-26.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 20-23.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Sat., Aug. 21.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of all the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—A screen adaptation of "The Front Page." Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 19.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 21-23.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 24-25.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Park, at Columbus Circle; tentative, Wed. through Fri., Aug. 25-27.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story, with Ronald Colman and Margo. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 24-25.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 24-25.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 20-22.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., are the Steinbeck ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 20.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton plays the man with all the wives. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 21-23.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in a Hitchcock thriller. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 19. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 22-24.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 25-26.)

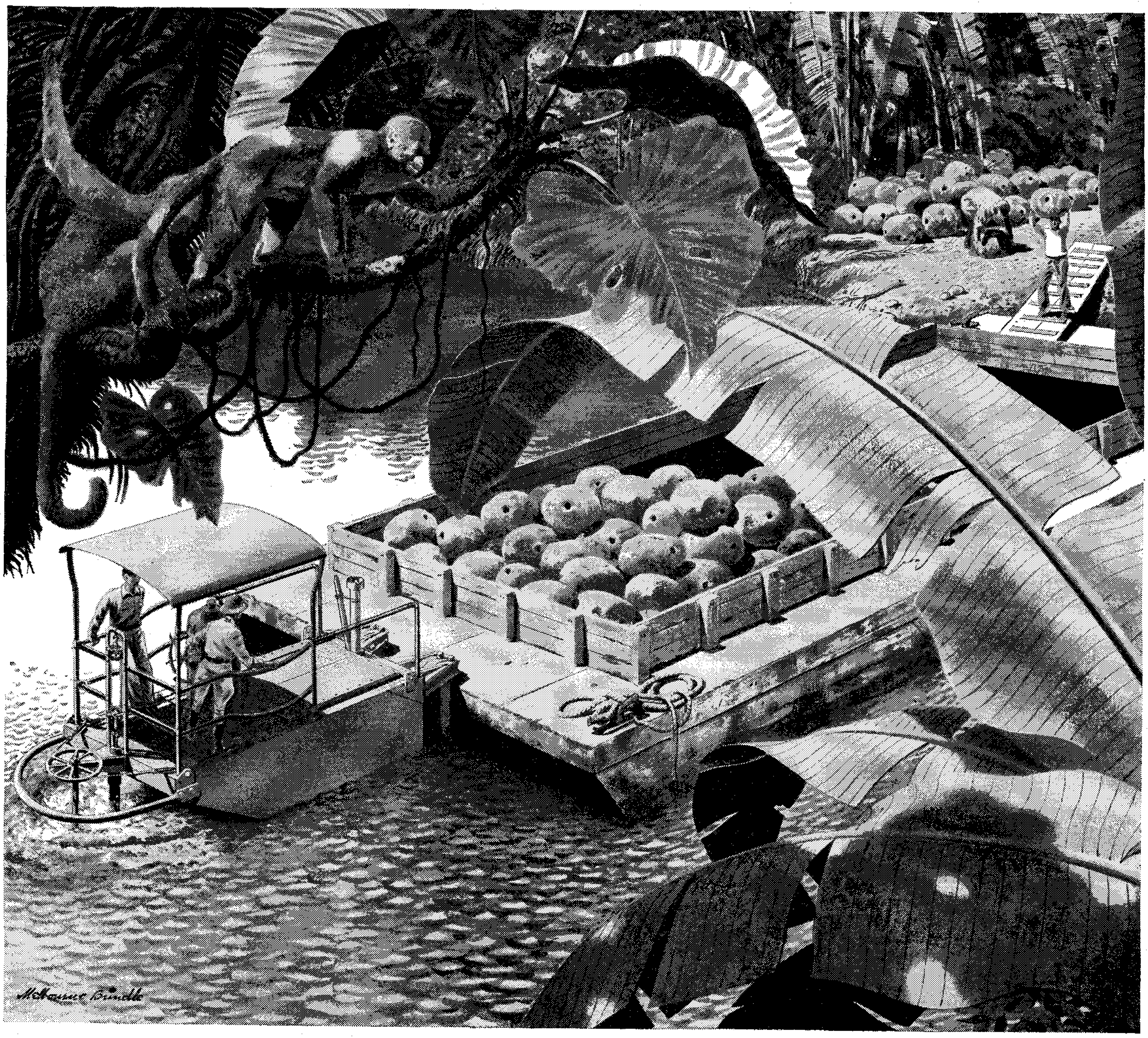
VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 20-22.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., AUG. 21:** four German propaganda films (1934-40). **SUN. THROUGH SAT., AUG. 22-28:** "The Forgotten Village" (1941), John Steinbeck semi-documentary film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

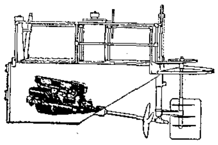
VOLUNTEER WORK—According to the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, there is still an urgent need for many men and women to fill emergency jobs. The Manhattan headquarters of the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is prepared to assign residents of this borough to wartime tasks and also help them sign up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs of the



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Wild Rubber via "Sea Mule" to war!



Somewhere up the hot, muddy Amazon a snub-nosed barge churns in to shore for a cargo of wild latex rubber. The "Sea Mule" has found another job! It's the new idea in marine power, this Chrysler Marine Tractor... and today it's pushing war supplies ship-to-shore and up great rivers... through stifling heat and bitter cold. Nicknamed "Sea Mule" by the Navy, this new power unit is built around a sturdy 8-cylinder Chrysler Royal Marine Engine. It can be bolted to a barge in a few minutes... can go into action *instantly!* The "Sea Mule" is another idea that was originated and developed by Chrysler Division... is now serving the cause of freedom all over the world!

CHRYSLER

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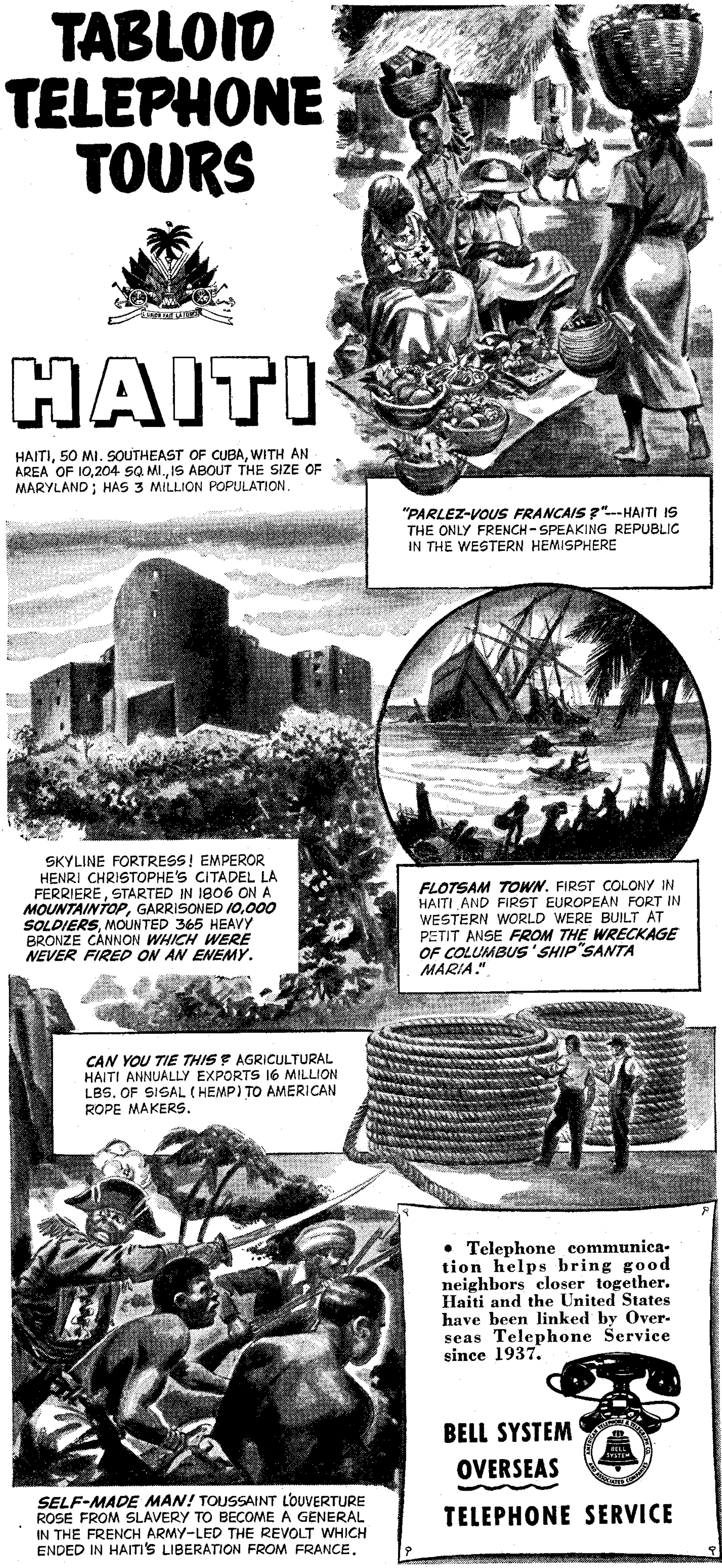
WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Parts • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Tank Engine Assemblies • Airplane Wing Panels • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Navy Searchlight Reflectors.

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS



TABLOID TELEPHONE TOURS

HAITI

HAITI, 50 MI. SOUTHEAST OF CUBA, WITH AN AREA OF 10,204 SQ. MI., IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF MARYLAND; HAS 3 MILLION POPULATION.

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS ?"—HAITI IS THE ONLY FRENCH-SPEAKING REPUBLIC IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

SKYLINE FORTRESS! EMPEROR HENRI CHRISTOPHE'S CITADEL LA FERRIERE, STARTED IN 1806 ON A ***MOUNTAINTOP,*** GARRISONED ***10,000 SOLDIERS,*** MOUNTED 365 HEAVY BRONZE CANNON ***WHICH WERE NEVER FIRED ON AN ENEMY.***

FLOTSAM TOWN. FIRST COLONY IN HAITI AND FIRST EUROPEAN FORT IN WESTERN WORLD WERE BUILT AT PETIT ANSE ***FROM THE WRECKAGE OF COLUMBUS' SHIP "SANTA MARIA."***

CAN YOU TIE THIS? AGRICULTURAL HAITI ANNUALLY EXPORTS 16 MILLION LBS. OF SISAL (HEMP) TO AMERICAN ROPE MAKERS.

SELF-MADE MAN! TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE ROSE FROM SLAVERY TO BECOME A GENERAL IN THE FRENCH ARMY—LED THE REVOLT WHICH ENDED IN HAITI'S LIBERATION FROM FRANCE.

• Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. Haiti and the United States have been linked by Overseas Telephone Service since 1937.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) men and women over eighteen to put in at least eight hours a week doing highly necessary but unskilled work in hospitals; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

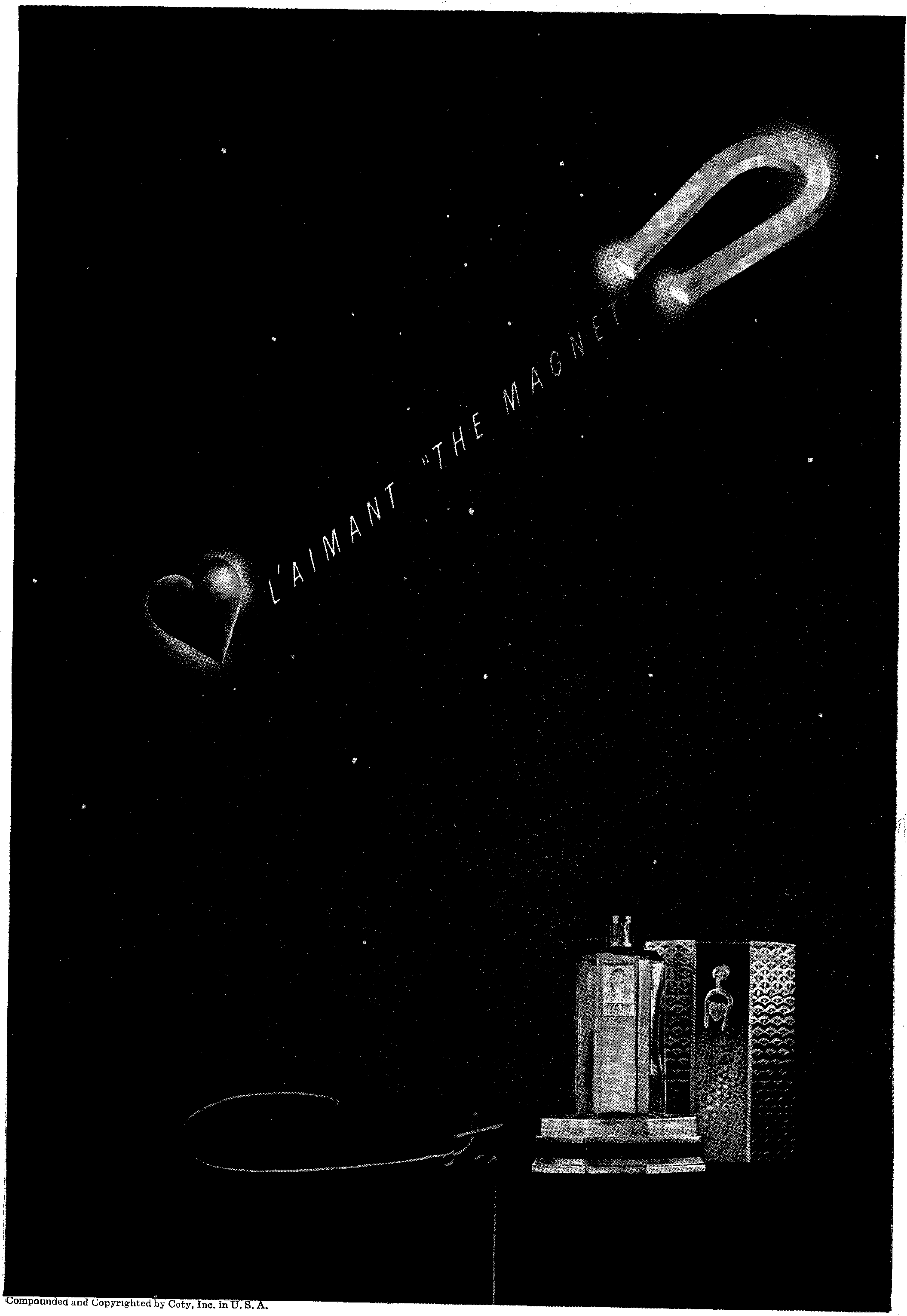
People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for food, bombs, blasting powder, and shells. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for a hundred pounds or more (roughly, a stack five feet high) and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Turn any tin cans you have over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. To facilitate handling, flatten the cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The set-ups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the Defense Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to buy a number of fully equipped Ciné Kodak Special motion-picture cameras with one-inch *f*1.9 lenses. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 198). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave. at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and table tennis and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A. W. V. S. will fix them up. The organization is also collecting junk jewelry, which servicemen can use for bartering with natives. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.


L'AIMANT "THE MAGNET"
Coty

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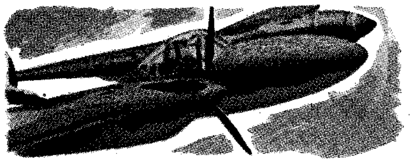
Jap-hunting without a gun!

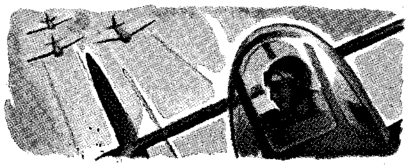
THE TRUE STORY OF HOW A CRIPPLED LOCKHEED LIGHTNING OUTFLEW 13 JAP ZEROS AND GOT HOME, SAFE!

1. With cameras instead of guns in its nose, a P-38 Lightning was photographing the Jap base of Rabaul. Suddenly ten Zeros dove out of the sun, and before the American pilot knew what was happening, tracer bullets were ripping into his plane and then one engine conked out on him.



2. Somehow, with only one engine left, he had to get away from those ten Zeros. He pulled back the stick, jammed down the throttle, pointed her nose at the sky. By the time the Japs came to, he was five miles up and on his way home.

3. 400 miles later, three more Japs started a deadly game of hide and seek. Still going on one engine, he streaked straight out over the ocean and "Just ran 'em out of gas!" Yes, he ran them out of gas... but he also ran clear back to New Guinea with photographs that were vital to our Coral Sea victory.



4. The Lightning is used as a camera plane because it can fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter—can take punishment and still deliver the goods. These qualities result from many months of designing and testing. From hundreds of wind tunnel experiments we developed the non-stall wing design that makes it impossible for a P-38 to go into a tail-spin even on one engine. It's this sort of careful designing and testing that give every Lockheed and Vega plane *extra* strength and *extra* dependability.

ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL
Lockheed P-38 Lightning Fighter
BY AIR — IT'S COMING!
Vega Ventura Medium Bomber

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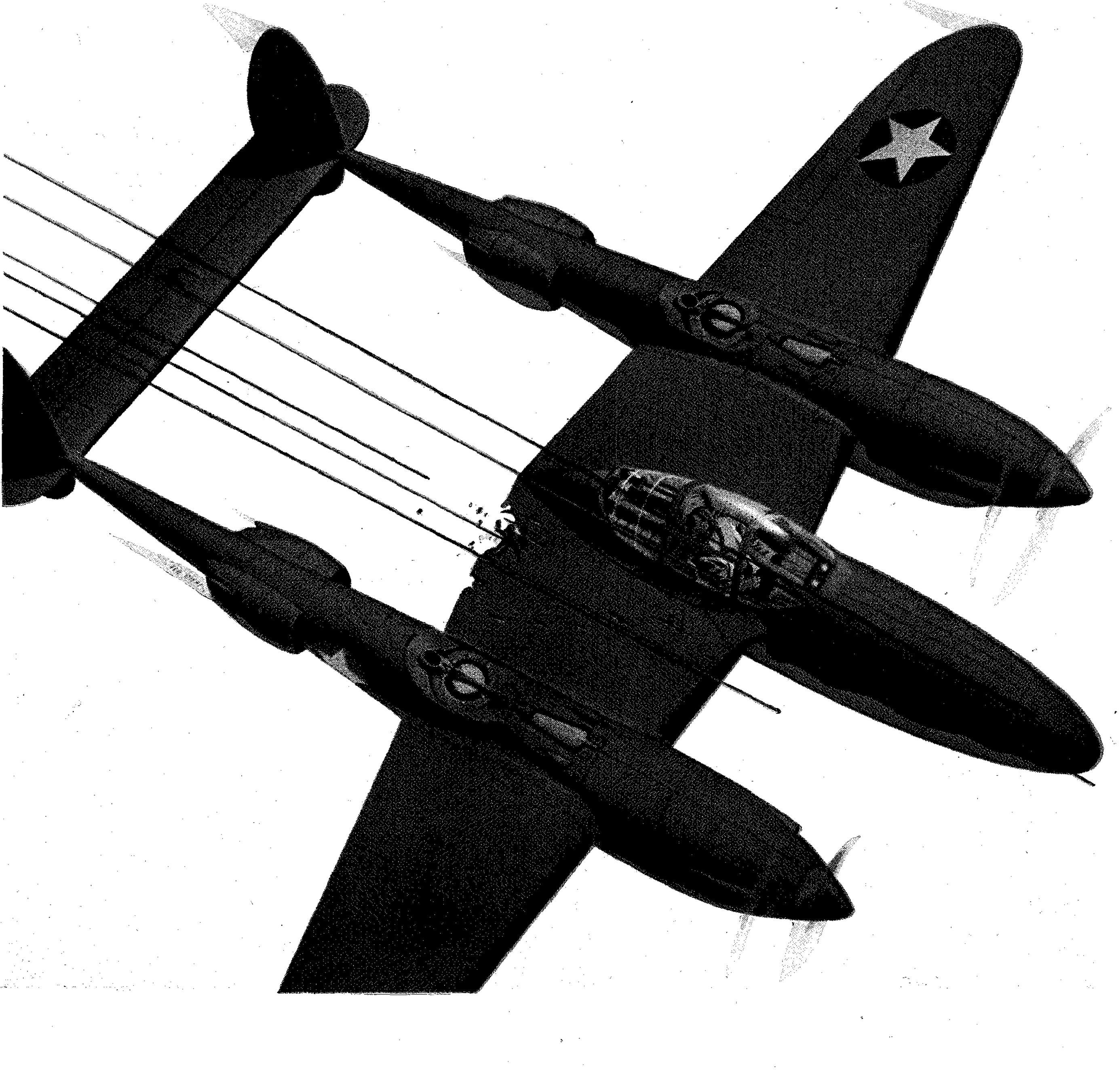
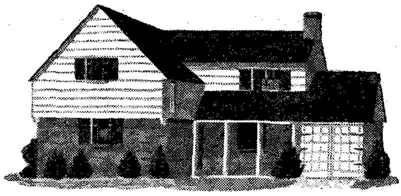
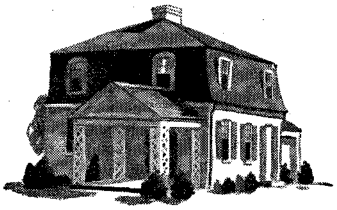
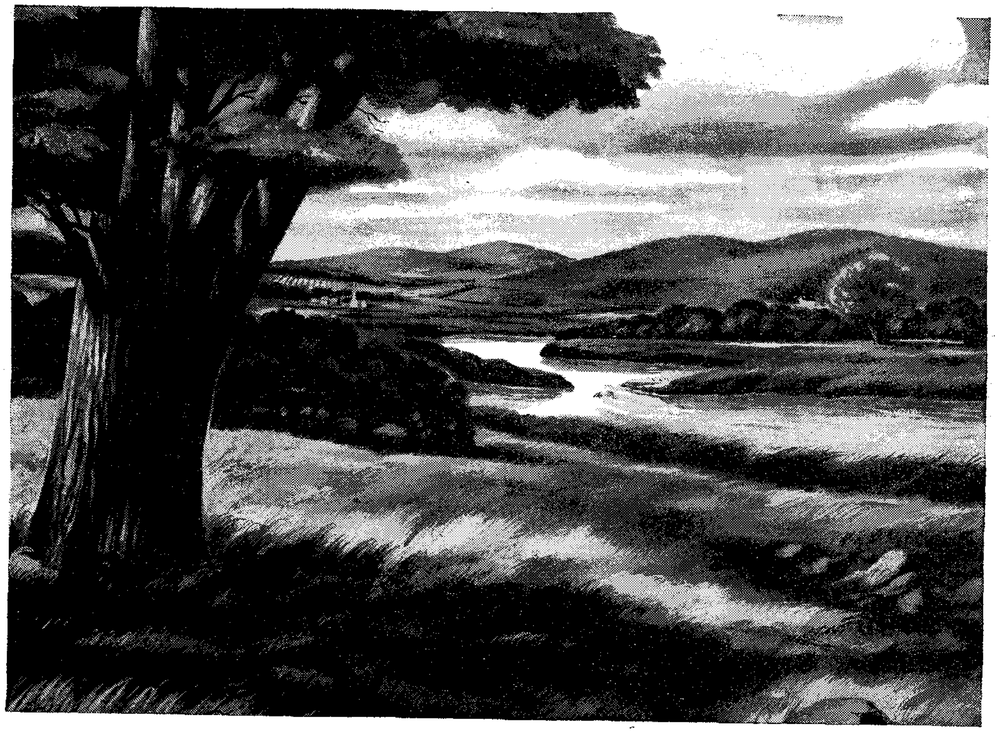
LOOK TO Lockheed FOR LEADERSHIP









What kind of a house would you put here?

After the war, somebody's going to put up a new house on that pretty rise of ground that overlooks the river bend just outside of the town line. Nothing elaborate. Just a pretty little house snuggled into the trees as though it belonged there.

Somebody else may buy the old Ward farm. There should be many a good day's hunting in those rolling fields and back through the woods over to the State road.

Yes, somebody's going to buy it. Somebody's always coming along, with a dream and a little money, and doing the things we'd promised ourselves *we'd* do someday.

But this time, why can't that "somebody" be *you?*

Look—suppose you put part of your pay into War Bonds each payday—not 10% or 15%, *but all you can.* And *keep* putting it away, week after week, payday after payday. Here's what happens:

Before you know it, you get so you hardly miss that money. And if you do miss it, you've got something better to replace it: the knowledge that you, personally, are helping to insure a steady flow of planes and tanks and guns to the men who fight. The knowledge that you, personally, have toed the mark and are helping to win the war.

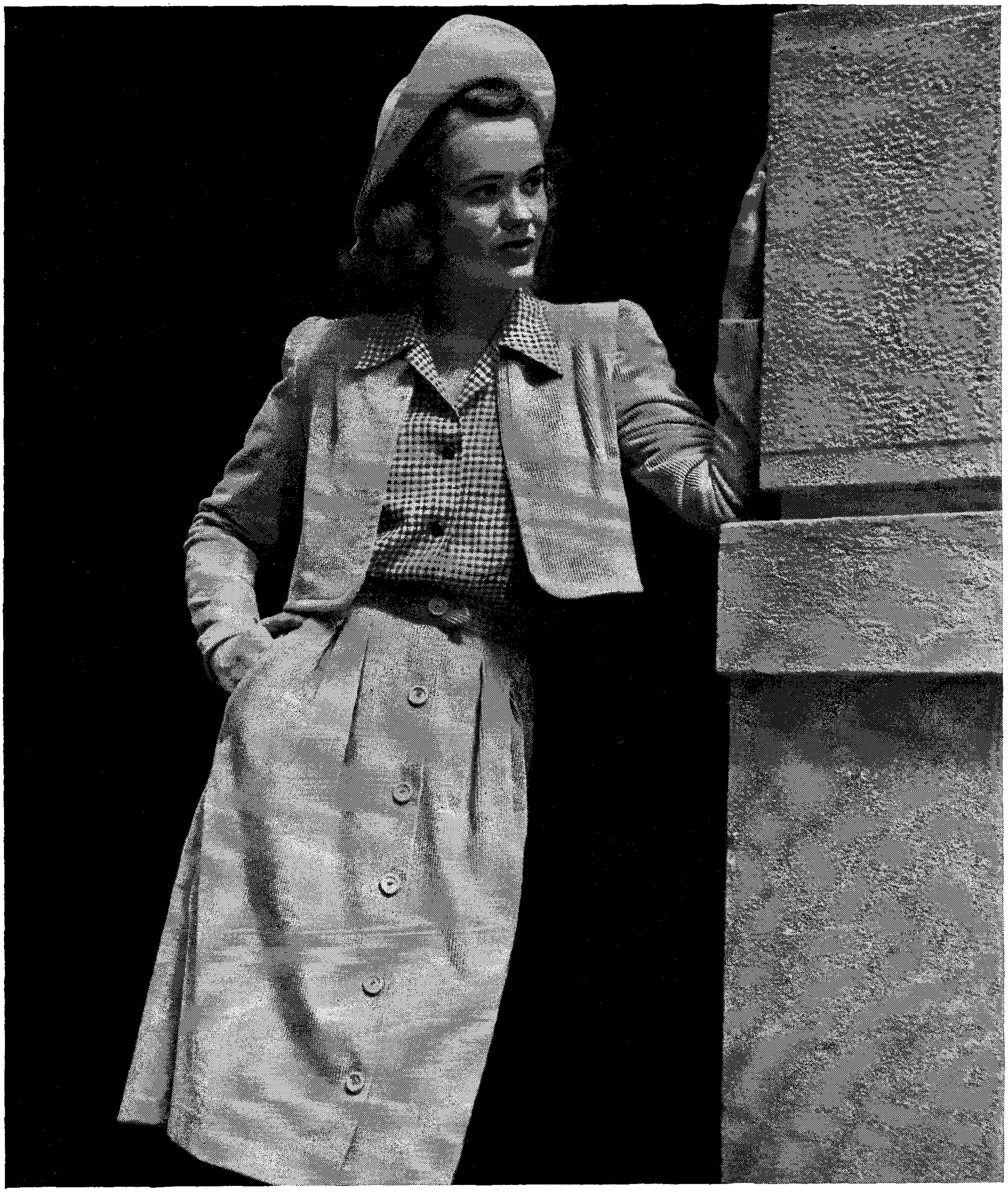
Then, one of these days, when peace has come again, the money you've put away starts coming back to you. And bringing *more* money with it—you get *four* dollars for every three you put in!

When that day comes, *you* can get out your pencil and start figuring just what kind of house you'll put on the river bend.

But to make sure that day *does* come, you'd better do this: get out your pencil right now and start figuring, not how *little* you can save in War Bonds, but *how much.* Chances are, you've done your bit and are doing it right now. But don't stop there! Raise your sights —*do your best!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



corduroy bolero with dirndl skirt! Here's one of the smartest little outfits we've seen. The campus favorite with its short bolero jacket and buttoned-front skirt. Comes in a beautiful beige, American beauty, light green or pink. Sizes 10 to 16, 19.95. Worn with a good-looking tailored shirt in green and brown or in red and blue checked cotton. Sizes 12 to 20, 3.95.

Altman blouse and skirt fashions, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MUrray Hill 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

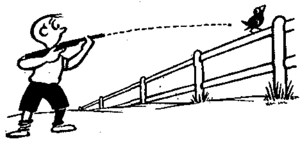
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SUPER-PATRIOTISM NOTE: The new Victory fly-swatters, made of wood and other non-priority materials and painted a flashy red, white, and blue, are not all they should be. The flies see them coming and duck.

ALTHOUGH we are learning how to fight the war, we are still not quite clear about how to act when we win. The fall of Mussolini was the biggest Allied victory so far, but nobody knew what to do and everybody just sort of stood around. The OWI shifted its weight from one foot to the other and muttered something like "It didn't really change anything in Italy." We not only don't know how to act in victorious circumstances but we aren't even agreed on the important question of who is to do the surrendering. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt say they won't be surrendered to by Fascists, they want to be surrendered to by democrats. That's certainly an odd quirk in their natures. A Sunday or two ago there was a pretty good letter in the *Times* on this subject, and we agree with the writer: if you've been fighting Fascism, you should be surrendered to by Fascists. Too confusing otherwise. If we do it the way Churchill and Roosevelt plan, it'll be as though we had gone into the ring with Joe Louis, knocked him out, and when we looked down at our feet, there lay President Conant.

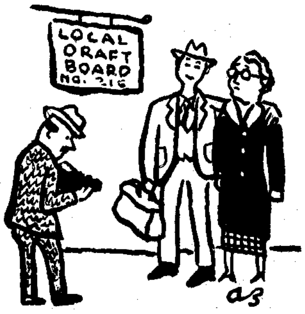
MAN can now travel faster than sound can. This was demonstrated not long ago by a test pilot who went into a power dive and approached earth going seven hundred and eighty miles per hour, or better. Whatever noises he and his plane were making at the start of the dive presumably failed to keep up with him, and he crossed the finish line a winner, nosing out the sound of his own motor by inches, sitting in a vast silence. This feat at first seemed incredible to us, but it became more plausible when we read that the man who performed it was vice-president of the Daisy Air Rifle Manufacturing Company. As a former owner of a Daisy air rifle, we know what has been troubling this man all these years; we know, and can still feel, the sense of defeat caused by the leisurely way a BB shot would emerge from the muzzle of a Daisy and start on its tedious journey toward a tin can, a gilded weathercock, a power-line insulator, or an English sparrow. What boy doesn't recall the ignominy of pulling the trigger and waiting for the ping? On clear days, when visibility was unusually good, one could follow with the naked eye the pellet's mild parabola. Evidently this frustration was worse for the vice-president of the company even than for us boys. "Hell," he must have said one day, "I can travel faster than that myself." And he jumped into a plane and did.



A FEW days after George Sylvester Viereck was finally sentenced to one to five years in the clink for not giving the government all the details of his work for the Nazis, we happened to be delving in our odd-junk closet, looking for a pair of old tennis shoes, and we turned up a dust-covered pile of *Vanity Fairs*. Going through one of the 1935 issues, we ran into something the puzzle and quiz fiends of the thirties may remember: *Vanity Fair's* so-called Permanent Questionnaire. This was a quiz, one of the toughest ever devised, made up of fifty questions on literary subjects. Question 35 caught our eye especially: "What American literary society expelled a member for his alleged pro-German sympathies during the World War, and what was the member's name?" We recalled the answer to this one, after all these years. The society was the Poetry Society of America and the member's name was George Sylvester Viereck. Sitting in the doorway of our closet, with a worn tennis shoe in our lap and the dust slowly settling around us, we were carried back by that "alleged" to the beautiful, misty days of the mid-thirties, when *Vanity Fair* was still alive and beautiful women quaked in fear of being Nominated for Oblivion, when war was only a rather embarrassing memory, when the mere thought that any writer, let alone poet, could be accused of betraying his country was absurd.

WE thought of our readers Saturday afternoon and wished they all could have been with us. We were drowsing contentedly over a beer at the bar of an Irish saloon over on Third Avenue, but our contentment was not entirely alcoholic. The saloon was cool with a coolness that was produced not mechanically but spiritually—the coolness that comes from beer fumes, the bartender's indifference to whether you order one beer or six, the absence of a radio, and the sight through the open door of the hot sun filtering down through the Elevated structure. There wasn't a stick of chromium in the place, nor were there any eager holiday-makers from Bridgeport and Camden. Our companions were two decent, shaggy-headed Irishmen who were smoking their pipes and drinking half-and-half in friendly silence. One by one, a string

of bakery wagons rattled by, drawn by tired horses making for some nearby stable. One of the Irishmen took the pipe out of his mouth and shyly remarked to his friend, "An afternoon like this, it makes me wish I was back in County Clare, watchin' the cows in the tall grass." Even this dialogue out of Harrigan and Hart did not disturb our mood, which proves that we were indeed contented, if not downright euphoric.



Berlin

BERLIN is the fifth largest city in the world and the second biggest city on the continent of Europe. Its site is as flat as a pancake. Roughly, it has the same area as the five boroughs of New York City and it has more than half its population. As in New York, not many of its buildings were put up before 1850; and its population, like New York's, has just about doubled in the past forty years. Off to the west of Berlin are lakes and woods, sort of like our Bear Mountain Park, and in the city is the Tiergarten, a six-hundred-and-thirty-acre park with lakes, trees, and restaurants. The Tiergarten compares favorably with Central Park, which is only a couple of hundred acres bigger. With no natural obstacles to its growth, Berlin has put out ring after ring of suburbs, and has remained roughly circular. The electric railroad, the Ringbahn, is circular, too. Berlin is the focal point of about a dozen important railway lines, and has five terminals, any one of which is a military objective comparable to Grand Central or Penn Station.

As in London and Paris, Berlin's fashionable residential district (now probably pretty well evacuated) is on the west side of the city. It centres about the Kurfürstendamm, a street which runs out from the Zoological Garden, which in turn is adjacent to the Tiergarten. The Bourse, or stock exchange, is easier to reach from a good address than is Wall Street, being only a couple of miles to the east. Unfortunately for the Berliners, the industries which before the war made Berlin the leading manufacturing city of Europe, and which now make her an obligatory target, are scattered from the centre of town through the suburbs. For instance, I. G. Farbenindustrie has a big building very near the Adlon Hotel, which is considered to be about in the centre of the city. The Tempelhof Airdrome, which is comparable to LaGuardia Field, is near the southern edge of the city.

Information about what changes war has made in Berlin is naturally scanty. There are rumors that huge air-raid shelters have been dug under the Tiergarten, but there's no special reason to believe the rumors. Of course, there are the subways, which are actual enough. At the start of the war, when American correspondents were still in Berlin, the official instructions were merely to go to the ordinary, prewar cellars of buildings. Hitler, as you'd expect, has a magnificent place under the Chancellory, reputedly equipped with air-conditioning, a movie theatre, and a small hospital. In the Tiergarten, when the last American correspondents left Berlin, there were two towers of reinforced concrete. One mounted sound-detectors, range-finders, and searchlights; the other, mechanically synchronized with the range-finders, mounted anti-aircraft guns. There may very well be more of these towers by now. It is generally accepted that the Germans have built, twenty miles or so outside the city, three or four imitation Berlins, or, rather, parts of Berlins, good enough to have fooled *some* Allied night bombers. At least, in 1941 the British twice reported that they had been over Berlin when, according to our journalists stationed there, they had not. The sham cities, built to divert bombs to the open countryside, are said to be elaborate productions, with wood and canvas structures resembling familiar landmarks in Berlin. At night these decoy areas are dully lighted to give the impression of the inevitable leaks from a big city in a blackout, and when a raid starts German soldiers rush around and touch off wood fires in an attempt to give the impression that Berlin is burning. To thwart daylight raiders, landmarks in Berlin are camouflaged with huge nets which make them look like the countryside, complete with roads, lakes, wayside structures, trees, and so on.

Aboveboard

A FRIEND of ours was the fortunate recipient of a coconut, which a soldier friend of his had mailed from Florida simply by addressing it and pasting the postage to the shell. Pursuant, no doubt, to postal regulations, there was also a rubber-stamped note on the shell: "Postmaster—This Parcel May Be Opened for Postal Inspection."

Bryant's Personalities

WE suppose it was inevitable that Mr. James McKinley Bryant, the compiler, a couple of years ago, of "The Café Society Register," should produce a second book. These things get into the blood. Sometime in the next few weeks, Mr. Bryant plans to bring out a volume called "Personalities of 1943." Having received intelligence of this, we looked him up to get a foretaste of this new work and to find out what he has been up to since the last one. We discovered him lodged at the Hotel Madison; this is a member of the Spencer-Taylor hotel chain, which he has been serving as press agent. There was a bottle of suntan lotion on his living-room table and he was shining with health and good looks. There was also a small blackboard on his living-room wall, which he explained he had put there to help him with his homework while attending a private flying school, from which he had just graduated. (He is over thirty-eight.) "Some of the crowd gave me a party when I graduated," he said. "Joe Schenck and a lot of the movie kids were there."

Mr. Bryant told us that he was expecting his secretary any minute with some of the galley proofs of "Personalities." He is his own publisher and his printer is J. J. Little & Ives, who, he said, had undertaken to get paper for the project and had apparently succeeded. "The Café Society Register," as we pointed out in these pages at the time it appeared, was not the essence of accuracy. Mr. Bryant admits as much. "It was a mess," he said, "but this one is going to be different." This one is also, we learned, going to be much more comprehensive. In addition to personalities, it will list hotels, theatres, night clubs, restaurants, clubs, and hospitals in New York; restaurants in Westchester, Long Island, Brooklyn, Connecticut, and New Jersey; and night clubs, hotels, and restaurants in California. Personalities are the main thing, though. Mr. Bryant is especially pleased with his foreword, he told us. It will consist of four pages, each containing a couple of lines on the subject of personality by Emerson, Holmes, Bunyan, and Charles M. Schwab, all garnered from "The Pocket Book of Quotations." The fifth page will read, simply, "I humbly dedicate this volume to the Personalities of 1943. (Signed) James McKinley Bryant." "Don't see how I can go wrong on that," said Mr. Bryant.

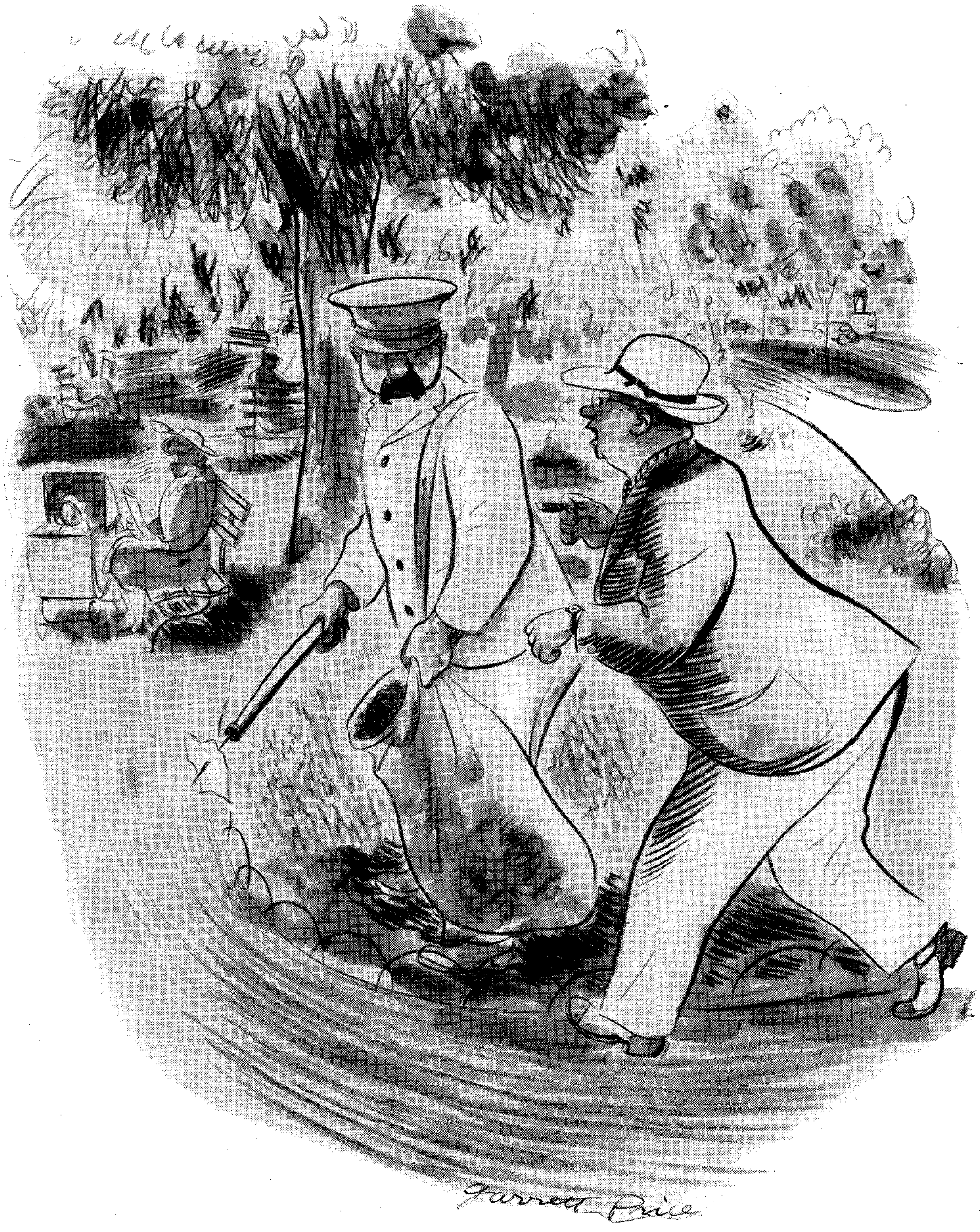
Mr. Bryant's secretary, a gloomy youth introduced to us as John, arrived at this moment bearing the galley proofs of the personality section from A through F, which we were permitted to examine. We found that Mr. Bryant has outgrown café society altogether. He has listed a lot of apparently serious-minded people, including government officials and members of Army staffs of the various United Nations who probably haven't been in a hot spot in years, if ever. "Appleby, Paul H.—Under Secretary, Dept. of Agriculture, Wash., D. C.," was on the list, as were "Beaverbrook, Lord—Minister of Supply for the British Government" and "Bonesteel, Chas.—Major General, U. S. Army" and other people who have undoubtedly never met Lenore Lemmon. Archdukes Otto and Felix of Austria were both listed under "A," whether for "Archduke" or for "Austria" we couldn't make out. We later may have come upon a clue under the "F's," for we found King Farouk I of Egypt there, and he evidently isn't going to be under "K," for "King." We also came upon such well-assorted people as "Andersson, Arne—Swedish runner," "Archer, Cheryl—four-year-old Conover Cover Girl," "Beckwith, Miss Barbara (Babs)—Miami, Fla.," "Benedum, M. L.—president, Benedum Trees Oil Co., 1507 Benedum Trees Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.," "Carol, King and Madame Lupescu, Mexico City," "Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo and Madame of China," and "De Elma, Cappy—detective, New York Police Department." Some of these entries may have been incomplete, as were, presumably, "Bellini, Mr. and Mrs. Giuseppi (U. S. Army)" and "Campbell, Colonel, Municipal Building, Wash., D. C." You'll be able to tell better about all this when the book comes out. It will be yours for ten dollars.

Combined Operations

A SEDATE old gentleman strolling on East Fifty-sixth Street in the early evening was hailed by a small boy who popped out of a doorway. "Hey, Mister, there's some guys layin' for me," he said. "Gimme a convoy over to Third Avenue?"

Sunspots

THE subject of sunspots keeps bobbing up in the agenda of any popular journalist, and we are no exception. We can discuss the matter as well as the next one. Quite a fuss was made about sunspots a couple of weeks ago, you may remember, when they interrupted the reception of shortwave broadcasts; at least, something interrupted the broadcasts, and a lot of experts said it was sunspots. The well-known story is that sunspots are vast tornadoes that sweep across the surface of the sun, throwing off a shower of electrons that span the ninety-three million miles between the sun and the earth in little more than a day and play hell with almost any electrical communication. Certainly the most disastrous prank they ever played in this particular universe was lousing up the broadcast of a Pitts-

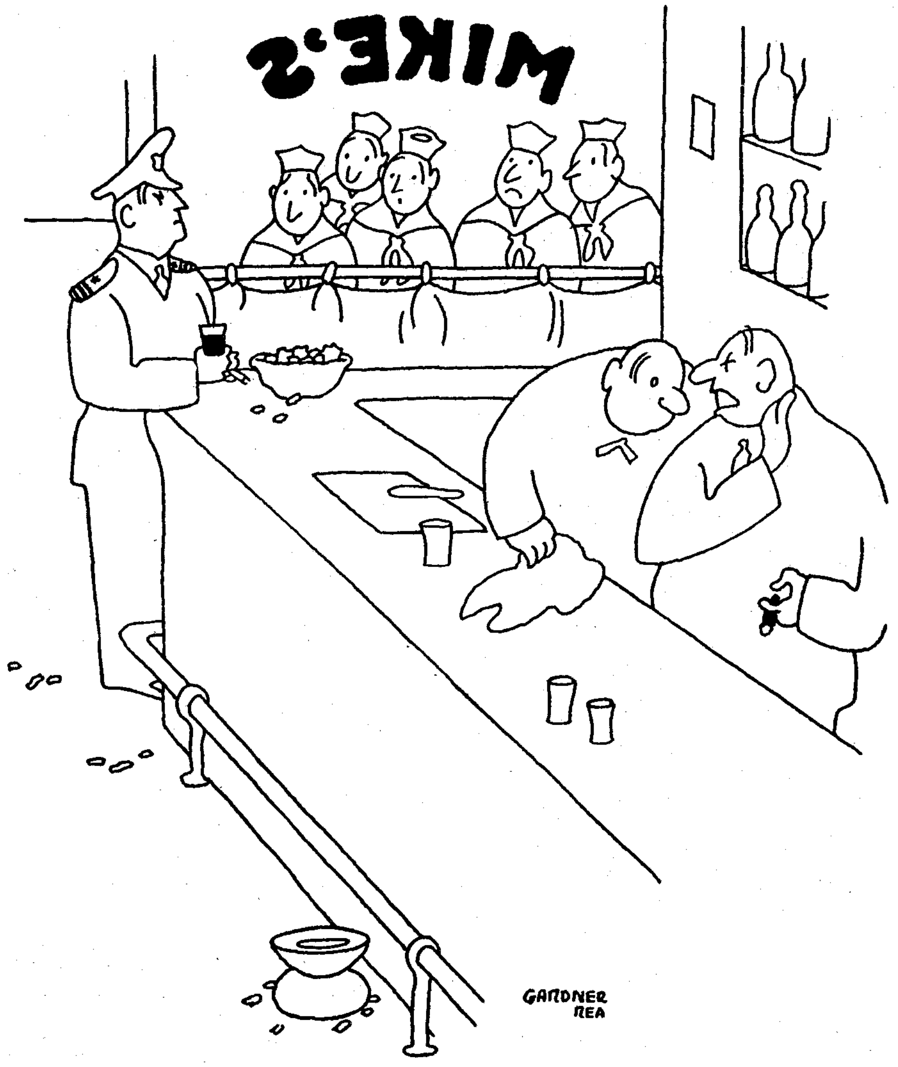


"Is Mr. Baruch in?"

burgh-Dodgers game back in September, 1941. When the wire from Pittsburgh went dead, the score stood 0–0. Station WOR, the local outlet, got thousands of calls from frantic *aficionados*, practically none of whom seemed satisfied with the explanation that sunspots were to blame. Sunspots sometimes cause telephone conversations to get mixed up with radio broadcasts, to the embarrassment of all concerned. Station WAAT, over in Jersey City, was plagued that way by the same sunspots that caused the Dodgers fiasco. During a period devoted to Bing Crosby recordings, two men could be heard discussing a business deal, and a little later, as a background to a news broadcast, the puzzled listeners heard two young girls talking over the outcome of last night's blind date. The engineers, keenly aware of the dangers this presented, were ready to switch off the broadcast, but the young ladies faded away before getting really Boccaccian.

A Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has listed some pretty strong claims for sunspots—for example, that they affect the fluctuations of the stock market. A graph showing sunspot frequencies in 1929 has a similarity to a graph of the Dow-Jones market averages which is, Dr. Stetson suggests, highly interesting. As we understand it, one theory is that sunspots give off ultra-violet radiations, which in turn cause ionization of the earth's outer atmosphere. Both ionized air and ultra-violet rays are supposed to pep people up, like Vitamin B capsules. The people spring out of bed, call up their brokers, and place heavy orders in anticipation of a rising market. The market rises. Sunspots fell off abruptly in the autumn of 1929 and went almost to zero in 1932. As the sunspots increased, around 1937, the market revived. According to Dr. Stetson, of our last five major depressions four have followed a falling off in sunspots. A Professor Tchijevsky, another sunspot student, claims that mass human activity usually follows an outbreak of sunspots, and he points out that during the last war the front always became active in a sunspot period. Dr. Stetson, in line with this theory, reminds us that the sit-down strike was originated in 1937, when there were lots of sunspots.

Take trees. Their growth is stimulated by sunspots, or Professor A. E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona, is a Dutchman. He has investigated all sorts of trees, including pines and sequoias hundreds of years old, and their maximum annual growth, as shown by rings and other signs, always corresponded to a peak period of sunspots, which usually comes every eleven years. Wine produced in sunspot years has been noticeably better than other vintages. The rabbit-catching records of the people who sold pelts to the Hudson's Bay Company between 1850 and 1900 showed that the rabbits were largely dominated by sunspots, the biggest catches always coming, surprisingly, in subnormal sunspot years, but then rabbits are notorious skeptics. Sunspots are plainly something you have to take into account when worrying about anything, including the international situation.



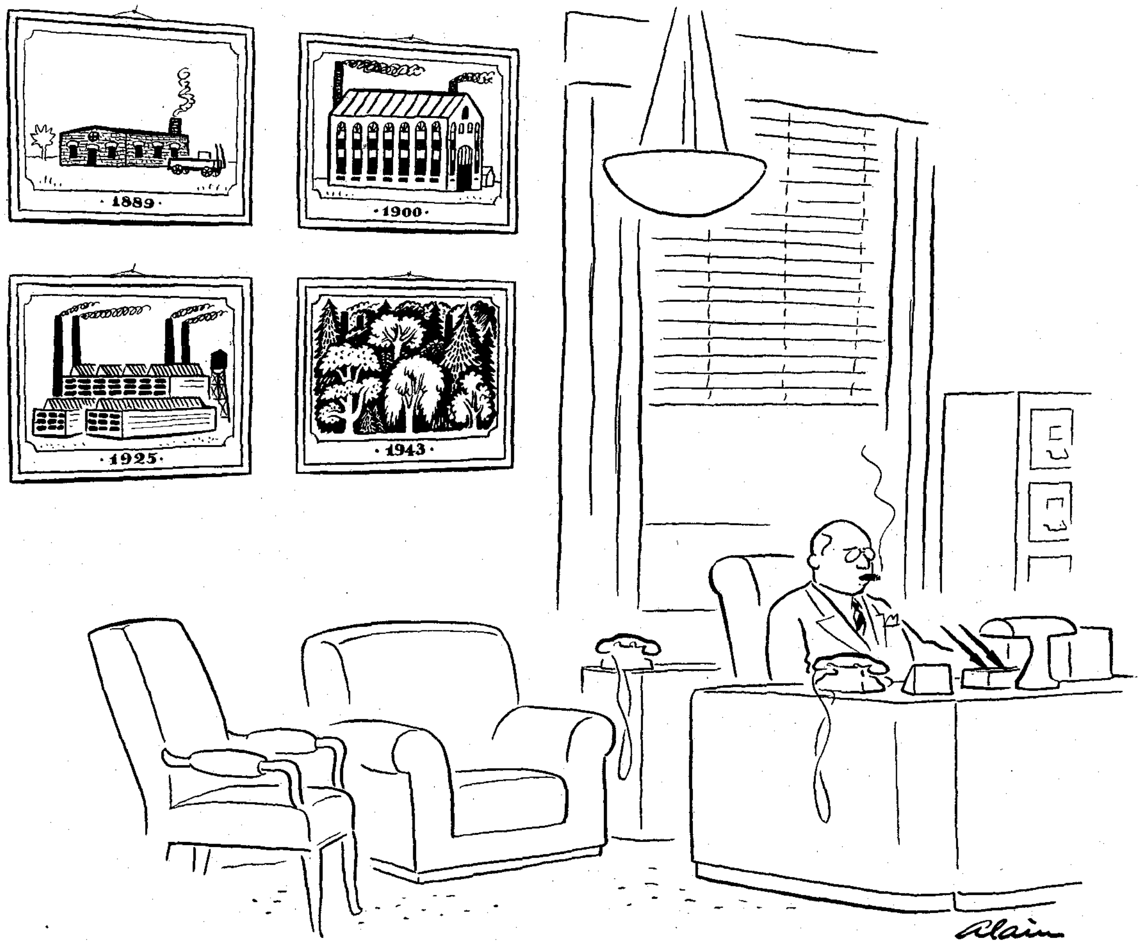
"I don't care how you do it, but get rid of him. He's ruining the trade."

Fitting

A TALL, thin young lady of our acquaintance went into a nice uptown shop to buy a coat for her mother, a substantially built matron who is too busy with Red Cross work to do her own shopping. Trying on the coat was no problem for the girl, as she knew exactly how far below her wrists the sleeves should come, how much extra there should be in front, and so on. Trouble was, she couldn't find a coat that she thought her mother would like. When one of her best offerings was rejected, the salesgirl became a little petulant. "You must remember that it will look better on a person," she said.

In There Working

LAST week, at the invitation of an appetizing-sounding organization known as the Lunchtime Follies, which is a subsidiary of the American Theatre Wing, we tagged after a group of actors, actresses, and chorus girls about to put on a midday show for several thousand workers in one of the biggest of our nearby shipyards. The idea is to send everyone back to his welding humming songs and smacking his lips and so, by extension, to cut down absenteeism, accidents, and the faulty workmanship caused by boredom. The English have been doing this sort of thing ever since the war began, and so have the Russians. So far, the Lunchtime Follies has played to nearly a half-million workers in better than fifty plants. Milton Berle, Joey Faye, and Jay C. Flippen are among those who have acted as m.c.'s; Kurt Weill, Harold Rome, and others have written topical songs, one of which has the recurrent punch line "Oh, give me a man who's in there working right on time," and what is described as original material has been contributed by Maxwell Anderson, Moss Hart, George Kaufman, and Zero Mostel.



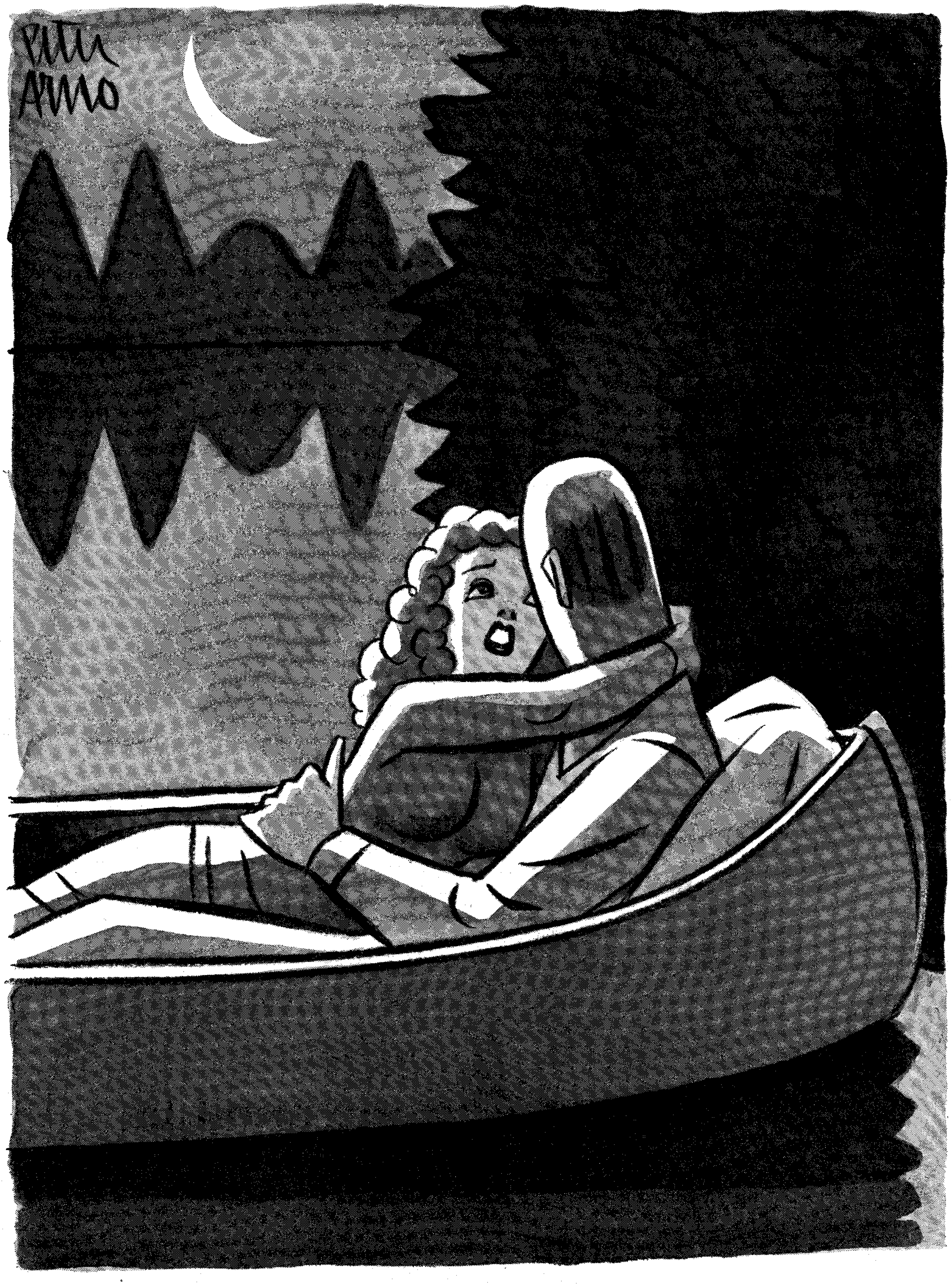
The troupe reached the shipyard at eleven-thirty in the morning, which gave the performers just time enough to try out the mikes, hoist an upright piano onto the temporary, fourteen-by-twenty-four-foot stage, rig up a bright backdrop, and dress. The stage was outdoors, between two long steel sheds in the middle of the shipyard. We heard one of the chorus girls ask a passing worker what *that* was, pointing to a hull on the ways alongside. Eyeing the girl worshipfully, the worker said, "That's a submarine, lady. The place is crawling with them." "Gee, it looks just like a ship," the chorus girl said. "I never thought about them being *ships* before." She and the other performers dressed in a drafting room temporarily vacated for their use. When the whistle blew at twelve o'clock the man at the piano began banging out the opening bars of the overture.

By two minutes past twelve a couple of thousand workers, male and female, had filled the open area before the stage, and a couple of thousand others were leaning from windows or looking down from great scaffoldings. After the chorus girls had finished their opening number and Miss Patti Ryan had sung an ear-splitting version of "Hayfoot, Strawfoot," a quartet headed by Howard da Sylva, of "Oklahoma!," recited a sketch by Norman Rosten. It was the first time this troupe had put on a serious act, and everyone, before the show, had seemed afraid of what the audience would think of it. The plot involved a submarine commander who loses his life in the South Pacific. Just as, in the sketch, the commander was saying goodbye to his wife for the last time, an air-raid siren started keening through the yard. As far as we could see, none of the workers even turned his head. When da Sylva ended the scene by saying, "Give us ships and subs as strong as the skipper was and we'll finish Commander Gilmore's battle. That's a promise," his voice, in spite of the brassy quality added to it by the mikes, sounded oddly affecting as it echoed among the skeletons of future ships and subs, and the audience, after a moment, yelled and whistled its applause.

The show ended with a specialty dance by Anita Alvarez, of "Something for the Boys." For this number, a satire on dictators from Pharaoh to Hitler entitled "He Got His," the chorus girls were dressed in what one of them described to us as fishnet. She was an articulate girl, and as she ran up the narrow wooden steps to the stage, she whispered to us, "This old sex always gets 'em." The whistle blew as the girls were taking their last bows. In three minutes flat the yard was empty, the air shrill with the clatter of renewed work, and as we helped tuck the backdrop into its trunk, we detected, or thought we did, a heightened tempo along the ways.

Bad News

A SOUTHERN girl got a job in Washington as secretary to an officer attached to the British Ministry of Supply Mission, and during her first day at work was asked to call one of her boss's friends, also a British officer, on the telephone. As far as the conversation could later be reconstructed, she was connected with this officer's secretary, who told her, "Captain B—— has gone to U.K." "What?" she exclaimed. "He's gone to U.K.," the secretary told her. "You know—United Kingdom." With an apologetic "Oh," our heroine put down the instrument, turned to her superior, and said, in a voice throbbing with womanly sympathy, "He's dead."



". . . and then I milled the slot down to thirteen-sixteenths of an inch, exactly as the blueprint called for, and when we put the eccentric in, it fit just beautifully."

THE LADY ON 142

THE train was twenty minutes late, we found out when we bought our tickets, so we sat down on a bench in the little waiting room of the Cornwall Bridge station. It was too hot outside in the sun. This midsummer Saturday had got off to a sulky start, and now, at three in the afternoon, it sat, sticky and restive, in our laps.

There were several others besides Sylvia and myself waiting for the train to get in from Pittsfield: a colored woman who fanned herself with a *Daily News*, a young lady in her twenties reading a book, a slender, tanned man sucking dreamily on the stem of an unlighted pipe. In the centre of the room, leaning against a high iron radiator, a small girl stared at each of us in turn, her mouth open, as if she had never seen people before. The place had the familiar, pleasant smell of railroad stations in the country, of something compounded of wood and leather and smoke. In the cramped space behind the ticket window, a telegraph instrument clicked intermittently, and once or twice a phone rang and the stationmaster answered it briefly. I couldn't hear what he said.

I was glad, on such a day, that we were going only as far as Gaylordsville, the third stop down the line, twenty-two minutes away. The stationmaster had told us that our tickets were the first tickets to Gaylordsville he had ever sold. I was idly pondering this small distinction when a train whistle blew in the distance. We all got to our feet, but the stationmaster came out of his cubbyhole and told us it was not our train but the 12:45 from New York, northbound. Presently the train thundered in like a hurricane and sighed ponderously to a stop. The stationmaster went out onto the platform and came back after a minute or two. The train got heavily under way again, for Canaan.

I was opening a pack of cigarettes when I heard the stationmaster talking on the phone again. This time his words came out clearly. He kept repeating one sentence. He was saying, "Conductor Reagan on 142 has the lady the office was asking about." The person on the other end of the line did not appear to get the meaning of the sentence. The stationmaster repeated it and hung up. For some reason, I figured that he did not understand it either.

Sylvia's eyes had the lost, reflective look they wear when she is trying to remember in what box she packed the Christmas-tree ornaments. The expressions on the faces of the colored woman, the young lady, and the man with the pipe had not changed. The little staring girl had gone away.

Our train was not due for another five minutes, and I sat back and began trying to reconstruct the lady on 142, the lady Conductor Reagan had, the lady the office was asking about. I moved nearer to Sylvia and whispered, "See if the trains are numbered in your timetable." She got the timetable out of her handbag and looked at it. "One forty-two," she said, "is the 12:45 from New York." This was the train that had gone by a few minutes before. "The woman was taken sick," said Sylvia. "They are probably arranging to have a doctor or her family meet her."

The colored woman looked around at her briefly. The young woman, who had been chewing gum, stopped chewing. The man with the pipe seemed oblivious. I lighted a cigarette and sat thinking. "The woman on 142," I said to Sylvia, finally, "might be almost anything, but she definitely is not sick." The only person who did not stare at me was the man with the pipe. Sylvia gave me her temperature-taking look, a cross between anxiety and vexation. Just then our train whistled and we all stood up. I picked up our two bags and Sylvia took the sack of string beans we had picked for the Connells.

When the train came clanking in, I said in Sylvia's ear, "He'll sit near us. You watch." "Who? Who will?" she said. "The stranger," I told her, "the man with the pipe."

Sylvia laughed. "He's not a stranger," she said. "He works for the Breeds." I was certain that he didn't. Women like to place people; every stranger reminds them of somebody.

THE man with the pipe was sitting three seats in front of us, across the aisle, when we got settled. I indicated him with a nod of my head. Sylvia took a book out of the top of her overnight bag and opened it. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. I looked around before replying. A sleepy man and woman sat across from us. Two middle-aged women in the seat in front of us were discussing the severe gripping pain one of them had experienced as the result of an inflamed diverticulum. A slim, dark-eyed young woman sat in the seat behind us. She was alone.

"The trouble with women," I began, "is that they explain everything by illness. I have a theory that we would be celebrating the twelfth of May or even the sixteenth of April as Independence Day if Mrs. Jefferson hadn't got the idea her husband had a fever and put him to bed."

Sylvia found her place in the book. "We've been all through that before," she said. "Why couldn't the woman on 142 be sick?"

That was easy. I told her. "Conductor Reagan," I said, "got off the train at Cornwall Bridge and spoke to the stationmaster. 'I've got the woman the office was asking about,' he said."

Sylvia cut in. "He said 'lady.' "

I gave the little laugh that annoys her. "All conductors say 'lady,' " I explained. "Now, if a woman had got sick on the train, Reagan would have said, 'A woman got sick on my train. Tell the office.' What must have happened is that Reagan found, somewhere between Kent and Cornwall Bridge, a woman the office had been looking for."

Sylvia didn't close her book, but she looked up. "Maybe she got sick before she got on the train, and the office was worried," said Sylvia. She was not giving the problem close attention.

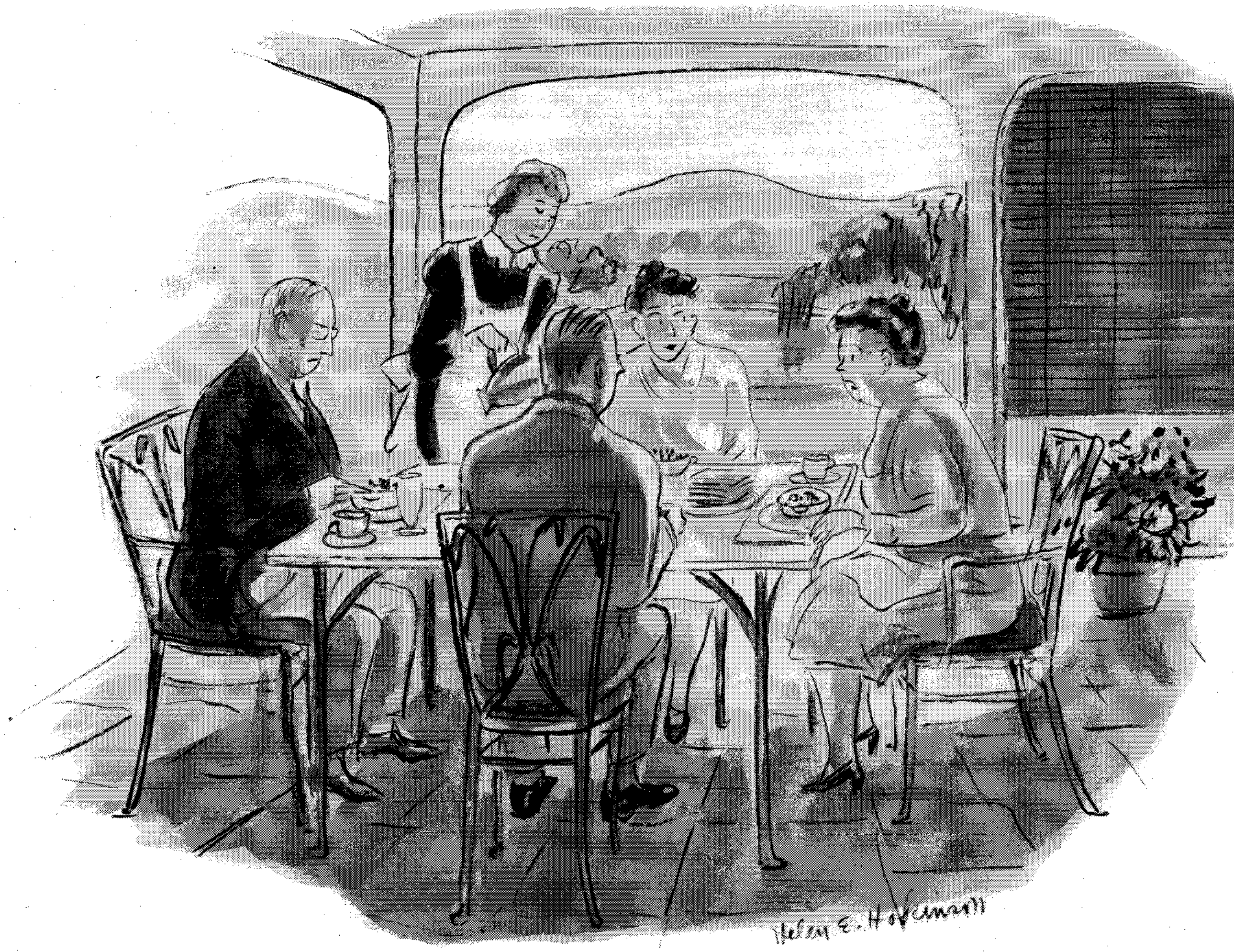
"If the office knew she got on the train," I said patiently, "they wouldn't have asked Reagan to let them know if he found her. They would have told him about her when she got on." Sylvia resumed her reading.

"Let's stay out of it," she said. "It isn't any of our business."

I hunted for my Chiclets but couldn't find them. "It might be everybody's business," I said, "every patriot's."

"I know, I know," said Sylvia. "You think she's a spy. Well, I still think she's sick."

I ignored that. "Every conductor on



"Oh, dear, I hope the President isn't really cross at Mr. Wallace after he went to all the trouble of learning Spanish."

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the line has been asked to look out for her," I said. "Reagan found her. She won't be met by her family. She'll be met by the FBI."

"Or the OPA," said Sylvia. "Alfred Hitchcock things don't happen on the New York, New Haven & Hartford."

I saw the conductor coming from the other end of the coach. "I'm going to tell the conductor," I said, "that Reagan on 142 has got the woman."

"No, you're not," said Sylvia. "You're not going to get us mixed up in this. He probably knows anyway."

The conductor, short, stocky, silvery-haired, and silent, took up our tickets. He looked like a kindly Ickes. Sylvia, who had stiffened, relaxed when I let him go by without a word about the woman on 142. "He looks exactly as if he knew where the Maltese Falcon is hidden, doesn't he?" said Sylvia, with the laugh that annoys me.

"Nevertheless," I pointed out, "you said a little while ago that he probably knows about the woman on 142. If she's just sick, why should they tell the conductor on *this* train? I'll rest more easily when I know that they've actually got her."

Sylvia kept on reading as if she hadn't heard me. I leaned my head against the back of the seat and closed my eyes.

THE train was slowing down noisily and a brakeman was yelling "Kent! Kent!" when I felt the small, cold pressure against my shoulder. "Oh," the voice of the woman in the seat behind me said, "I've dropped my copy of *Coronet* under your seat." She leaned closer and her voice became low and hard. "Get off here, Mister," she said.

"We're going to Gaylordsville," I said.

"You and your wife are getting off here, Mister," she said.

I reached for the suitcases on the rack. "What do you want, for heaven's sake?" asked Sylvia.

"We're getting off here," I told her.

"Are you *really* crazy?" she demanded. "This is only Kent."

"Come on, sister," said the woman's voice. "You take the overnight bag and the beans. You take the big bag, Mister."

Sylvia was furious. "I *knew* you'd get us into this," she said to me, "shouting about spies at the top of your voice."

That made me angry. "You're the one that mentioned spies," I told her. "I didn't."

"You kept talking about it and talking about it," said Sylvia.

"Come on, get off, the two of you," said the cold, hard voice.

We got off. As I helped Sylvia down the steps, I said, "We know too much."

"Oh, shut up," she said.

We didn't have far to go. A big black limousine waited a few steps away. Behind the wheel sat a heavy-set foreigner with cruel lips and small eyes. He scowled when he saw us. "The boss don't want nobody up deh," he said.

"It's all right, Karl," said the woman. "Get in," she told us. We climbed into the back seat. She sat between us, with the gun in her hand. It was a handsome, jewelled derringer.

"Alice will be waiting for us at Gaylordsville," said Sylvia, "in all this heat."

The house was a long, low, rambling building, reached at the end of a poplar-lined drive. "Never mind the bags," said the woman. Sylvia took the string beans and her book and we got out. Two huge mastiffs came bounding off the terrace, snarling. "Down, Mata!" said the woman. "Down, Pedro!" They slunk away, still snarling.

Sylvia and I sat side by side on a sofa in a large, handsomely appointed living room. Across from us, in a chair, lounged a tall man with heavily lidded black eyes and long, sensitive fingers. Against the door through which we had entered the room leaned a thin, undersized young man, with his hands in the pockets of his coat and a cigarette hanging from his lower lip. He had a drawn, sallow face and his small, half-closed eyes stared at us incuriously. In a corner of the room, a squat, swarthy man twiddled with the dials of a radio. The woman paced up and down, smoking a cigarette in a long holder.

"Well, Gail," said the lounging man in a soft voice, "to what do we owe thees unexpected visit?"

Gail kept pacing. "They got Sandra," she said finally.

The lounging man did not change expression. "Who got Sandra, Gail?" he asked softly.

"Reagan, on 142," said Gail.

The squat, swarthy man jumped to his feet. "All da

her lap, began breaking and stringing them. "Well, my dear lady," said the lounging man, "a mos' homely leetle tawtch."

"Wozza totch?" demanded Egypt.

"Touch," I told him.

Gail sat down in a chair. "Who's going to rub 'em out?" she asked.

"Freddy," said the lounging man. Egypt was on his feet again.

"Na! Na!" he shouted. "Na da ponk! Da ponk bomp off da las' seex, seven peop'!"

The lounging man looked at him. Egypt paled and sat down.

"I thought *you* were the punk," said Sylvia. I looked at her coldly.

"I know where I have seen you before," I said to the lounging man. "It was at Zagreb, in 1927. Tilden took you in straight sets, six-love, six-love, six-love."

The man's eyes glittered. "I theenk I bomp off thees man myself," he said.

Freddy walked over and handed the lounging man an automatic. At this moment, the door Freddy had been leaning against burst open and in rushed the man with the pipe, shouting, "Gail! Gail! Gail!" . . .

"Gaylordsville! Gaylordsville!" bawled the brakeman. Sylvia was shaking me by the arm. "Quit moaning," she said. "Everybody is looking at you." I rubbed my forehead with a handkerchief. "Hurry up!" said Sylvia. "They don't stop here long." I pulled the bags down and we got off.

"Have you got the beans?" I asked Sylvia.

Alice Connell was waiting for us. On the way to their home in the car, Sylvia began to tell Alice about the woman on 142. I didn't say anything.

"He thought she was a spy," said Sylvia.

They both laughed. "She probably got sick on the train," said Alice. "They were probably arranging for a doctor to meet her at the station."

"That's just what I told him," said Sylvia.

I lighted a cigarette. "The lady on 142," I said firmly, "was definitely not sick."

"Oh, Lord," said Sylvia, "here we go again." —JAMES THURBER

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

(HICKORY PICKER STICK DIVISION)

[*From the Federal Register*]

(ii) *Maximum price.* The maximum price for any size hickory picker stick blank, color no defect, is to be the price which before this amendment was the seller's ceiling price for the same size hickory picker stick blank, color a defect. This means that the seller's maximum prices for hickory blanks made entirely of white sapwood shall also be the seller's ceiling prices for hickory blanks which contain any amount of red heartwood.

AN INTEREST IN BOYS

THE inn had been boarded up for years, but every summer the old red stable behind it was rented to a Mr. Gagen of Hartford. He hung a sign, "Gagen's Riding Academy," over the wide, rotted threshold and brought up by van from the city half a dozen somnolent mares. Mr. Gagen pretended not to know how old the mares were; he referred to them simply as "mature." Since Mr. Gagen slept in the loft above the stalls and sustained himself, as far as anyone could see, on a diet of beer and chewing tobacco, he felt little need to make the academy profitable. Early in June he forwarded to the bank which owned the inn a twenty-dollar deposit on his rent. Through the years an understanding had grown up between the bank and Mr. Gagen that a demand for further payments would lead only to mutual ill temper and distrust.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday a group of girls from Huckleberry Camp arrived at the academy to take riding lessons, and on those days Mr. Gagen dressed himself in his best checked jacket and whipcord jodhpurs. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, when business was slack, Mr. Gagen usually sat in the stable doorway slapping at flies and listening to the thud of the mares' hoofs on the worn plank floor behind him or to their drowsy cropping of clover between the stable and the inn. Now and then he opened a bottle of beer, and by dusk he would feel it his duty to stand toasting the creamy summer moon and the fireflies which filled the meadow. On Sundays the academy was closed. Mr. Gagen went to eight-o'clock Mass in the village —lately the young pastor had become one of his best customers—and spent the rest of the day receiving callers on the sagging front porch of the inn. These callers were chiefly men from the neighboring farms, admirers of Mr. Gagen's philosophical turn of mind. Mr. Gagen never touched a drop on Sunday, though the sweat started from his forehead and his tongue grew parched. "God's day," he said. "By God, you got to show some respect for Him that made you."

ONE morning, as Mr. Gagen was finishing a late breakfast or early lunch of three bottles of cold beer, Ellen Granbery called to him from the stable doorway. Though it was a Tuesday, business was brisk. Father Degnan had gone out early as usual, a man from Miss Brown's boarding house had followed shortly afterward, and a third horse was promised for noon. Mr. Gagen looked reproachfully at Ellen. "Why in the name of all that's holy didn't you tell me you was coming?" he asked. "I'd have saved you Mashie."

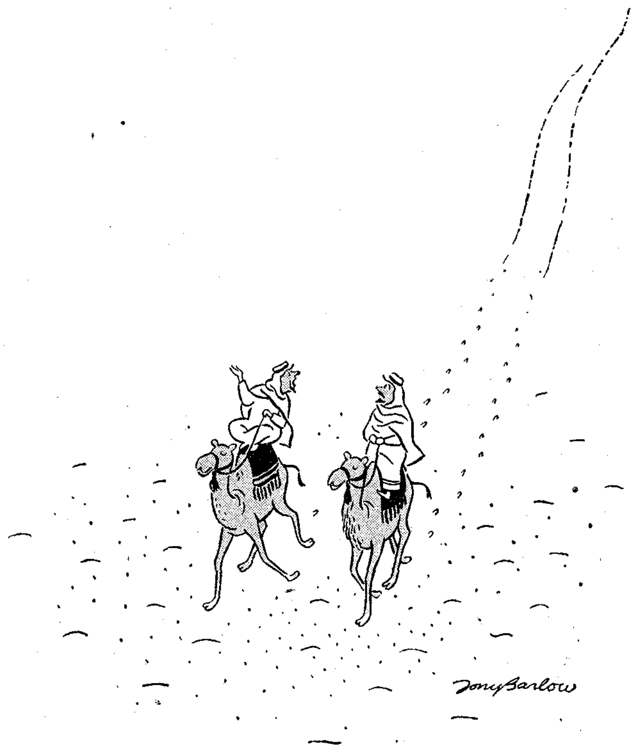
Ellen was sixteen, tall and lean like a boy, and the summer sun had burned the crown of her blond hair. She was wearing faded blue denim slacks and an open shirt. Her arms and the bridge of her nose were smudged with freckles. She said, "I always come on Tuesdays, Mr. Gagen."

Mr. Gagen worked his quid of tobacco from cheek to cheek. "You always *used* to come on Tuesdays," he said. "That was last year, and the year before, and the year before that. But you've gone high and mighty on me this year. You've no time at all for me and my nags."

Because she was afraid of hurting Mr. Gagen's feelings, Ellen smiled and shook her head. Mr. Gagen was one of her oldest friends. He had taught her to ride, and she liked riding better than anything else in the world. She said, "It's Mother. She thinks I ought to take—you know, an interest in other things."

Mr. Gagen raised his eyebrows suspiciously. "An interest in boys, you mean? That's what all the mothers think when their daughters get to budding out a bit. Squeeze them into the long dresses, send them to dances, set them to being chased. As if, God knows, there wouldn't always be plenty of time for that." Mr. Gagen sighed. "You'll do no riding with half a dozen kids hanging onto your skirts," he said.

Ellen said soberly, "I'm never going to get married, Mr. Gagen, so I'll never have any children of my own. I'll adopt some when



member how big it used to seem when we were kids?”

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ing pretended to Mr. Gagen that she still hated boys. She had hated them last year, but this year she merely despised them. They would be all right, Ellen thought, if riding didn’t seem so much better. Riding was a separate world, sure, secret, and comforting; it was a world her mother and the boys she knew all failed to understand. For some reason none of the boys who came to spend the summer in the village liked to ride. They asked Ellen to play tennis or golf or go swimming with them instead. “Play what they ask you to play,” Ellen’s mother always told her. “You don’t want to be known as a spoil-sport. Once a girl gets that reputation she never lives it down.”

“But why don’t any boys like to do what I like to do?” Ellen asked. “Why do they have to act so dumb?”

Mrs. Granbery made a faint clucking sound between her teeth. She was often exasperated by Ellen’s childish preoccupation with riding. Certainly, Mrs. Granbery reflected, *she* had been thinking of other things by the time she was sixteen. “There’ll be plenty of fish in the sea for you to ride with later,” she said, to Ellen’s bewilderment. “You’re not my daughter for nothing. But right now the question is, are you wasting your time? After all, I was married and furnishing my own home by the time I was twenty.”

Ellen had reached the crest of the first hill, where the dirt road gave way to a smooth shelf of rock, when she caught sight of Mashie returning to the stable. Her rider was a young man, dressed in a rough jacket and breeches, with a scarf knotted around his neck. As the two horses came abreast of each other, he ducked his head stiffly. Ellen noticed that his eyes were blue under heavy black lashes and that his hair was curly. “Oh, Lord,” she said to him, “you’ve ruined everything.”

“I’m sorry,” said the young man

politely. "How have I ruined everything?"

"It isn't your fault," said Ellen. "That is, in a way it is, but it's also Mashie's fault. Or it's Mr. Gagen's fault. You see, Niblick follows Mashie wherever she goes, especially when she's heading for the stable. I'll have to ride back with you and start out again."

"Why don't you hop down and tether your horse? Give me a couple of hundred yards' start."

"That would only break Niblick's heart. You should hear her. She doesn't whinny, she cries."

"And you don't like that?"

"Neither would you." Ellen thought of frowning, to show impatience, but she felt no impatience at having to ride back to the stable with the young man. It occurred to her that it was the first time she had ever ridden with a young man. She liked his square brown hands and the odd way his tan stopped at the upper edge of his scarf. She said, "Do you ride a lot?"

"Every morning."

"I used to ride a lot, too."

"I suppose you're getting too old?"

Ellen threw back her head with delight. "Of course not, silly. My mother just thinks I'm too much of a tomboy. *You* know."

The young man nodded. He said nothing as they went down the hill, the horses stepping delicately over rocks and gravel, their light shoes striking an occasional spark. As they reached the brook, Ellen said, "Maybe we'll be meeting again like this," but the young man only smiled. When the stable came into sight, she said, with an urgency she did not understand, "Maybe we could meet at the stable next time. Then we wouldn't have to worry about the horses."

The young man said, "You'll be seeing me down in the village."

"Oh, have you taken a house here?"

"No, I live here."

Ellen felt her hopes faltering. "You live here?" Perhaps, she thought, he was one of the town boys whom she had always vaguely known, like the boys who drove the O'Connors' grocery truck. When they grew up, it was hard to remember who they were. They stopped calling her Ellen, but they rarely managed to call her Miss Granbery. She said, "I've never seen you before, have I?"

"I've only been here a couple of months."

Ellen's hopes climbed again. To keep talking, she asked, "Do you like it here?"

"Yes," he said, but his voice for some reason seemed distant. "Yes, I like it a lot."

MR. GAGEN walked down the road to meet them. He held a freshly opened bottle of beer in his hand, the foam glittering on the surface of the bottle and along his fingers. "Oh, glory," he said, "I was afraid this'd happen. I should have sent you the other way round, girlie, with that fool nag." He cuffed Niblick gently under the jaw. "Poor old woman," he said. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Have a nice ride, Father?"

The young man dismounted. "Out to the pond and back."

"As far as that, and the horse barely warm?" Mr. Gagen nodded to Ellen. "Well, I've said it a thousand times—haven't I, girlie?—it's the rider that counts."

Ellen stared at the young man's back. "You're a priest," she wanted to say, "you're a priest," as she might have said, "Damn you, damn you." She wondered if the young man was laughing at her, but when he turned and lifted his eyes to hers she saw that he was not laughing. He looked troubled, almost as if somehow, without knowing it, she had hurt him as he had hurt her. Ellen glanced at Mr. Gagen. His face was flushed with beer and he teetered unsteadily in the sun. He looked, Ellen thought, tired and soiled and foolish. Once he had been one of her best friends, but now he and the old red stable hardly mattered. Ellen freed her shoes from the stirrups and dropped to the ground. Riding hardly mattered. It wasn't, after all, a separate world. It was only a part of her mother's world, of the boys' world.

"Aren't you trying it again?" Mr. Gagen said. "You weren't gone ten minutes."

For the first time, Ellen felt, or thought she felt, like a grown woman. At any rate, she sensed that she was superior to the situation. She said, "I'm sorry, but I can't. I have to go home and fix up a dress for tonight." She walked away from them without looking back, conscious of her aloneness and grateful for the wind blowing her blond hair.

—BRENDAN GILL

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT HELICOPTERS

The glittering shape of things to come
When man shall dwell, prefabricated,
I look upon with pulses numb
And breath unbated.

What are to me the Plastic wonders
Promised for piping times of peace
Whereof the purple adman thunders
And does not cease?

I contemplate, while reason reels,
What lies in store for future voters—
The vaster cogs, the mightier wheels,
The super-motors,

The wires our lives will be entwined to,
The weather furnished by a filter,
The nightmare gadgets, all designed to
Go out of kilter.

Worn down already by the spite
Of automatic things, and shifty,
I shudder at our monstrous plight
In nineteen-fifty.

What clogging pipes, what grinding gears,
What valves defective we must coddle,
While mired in double-deep arrears
For each new model!

In soil-less plots we'll grow our lettuce.
From sphere to sphere shall we converse,
And bridge the seas. And where'll it get us?
Right here, or worse.

Across the Modulated air
Quips will fly frequenter and duller,
And crooners serve horrendous fare
In Technicolor.

Still will the Sunday pilots soar,
Reckless of holiday disaster,
To meet it as they did before
But somewhat faster.

While in the Lucite-lovely flat,
Serviced by unimagined buttons,
Still will the bridegroom glower at
His ill-cooked muttons.

For though we shift the changing scenery,
One motto blazons bright as day:
Those Gods descending from machinery
Have feet of clay.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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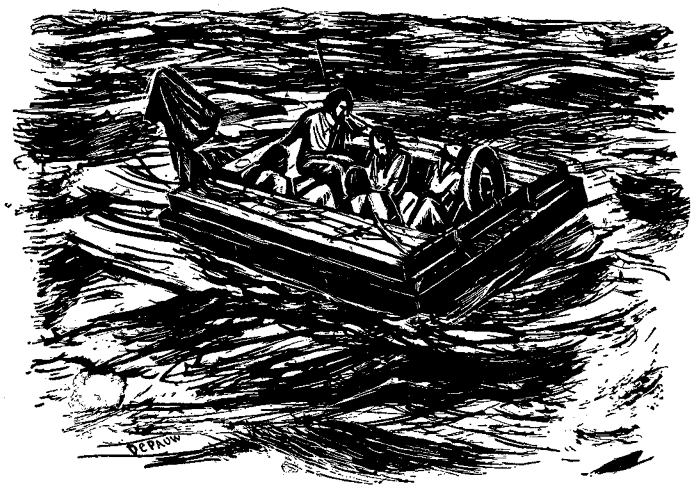
A REPORTER AT LARGE

EIGHTY-THREE DAYS—I



ABOUT four-thirty in the afternoon of November 2, 1942, a certain fast Dutch luxury liner with clean, handsome lines was torpedoed and sunk several hundred miles off Recife, on the coast of Brazil. Only a few of the more than four hundred persons aboard this ship survived. Three of them were Basil Dominick Izzi, a second-class seaman of the United States Navy, and Cornelius van der Slot and Nicko Hoogendam, both Dutch merchant seamen, who together drifted on a raft until January 24, 1943, a day short of twelve weeks after the sinking, before they were picked up by a Navy PC boat. In the months that followed the rescue, Seaman Izzi, a small, husky Italian-American boy of twenty, whose home is in South Barre, Massachusetts, first went through a long period of convalescence and then made a speaking tour around the country, telling workers in factories about his adventure. I spent a good deal of time with him during this tour, and out of the many talks we had I was able to piece together the story of his remarkable eighty-three days.

Izzi was a member of the United States Navy armed guard assigned to the Dutch ship. The guard, made up of young men from all parts of the United States, was an efficient and slightly obstreperous one and was under the command of Ensign James Shaw Maddox, a sensitive, scholarly young man who had taught public speaking at Purdue University. Izzi was the pointer on a four-inch gun, a responsible job. The ship, loaded with ammunition, food, and Army officers, put out from Brooklyn in July. She stopped at Recife to pick up water and food and set out for Cape Town. Off Cape Town, she joined a British convoy. The convoy put in at Cape Town for a couple of days and then set out for the Red Sea. It broke up there, and the Dutch ship made a run to Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, alone. She unloaded and came back to Cape Town, where she stayed for three days to load cargo. Izzi and a few friends got leave there. Izzi shopped for presents for his family. He bought some painted silk pillow cases for his mother, ivory bracelets for his four sisters, ivory-handled knives for his two younger brothers, and a huge-bowled English pipe for his father.

ON October 18th, Izzi's ship, having loaded ore, hemp, and flax, took on more than two hundred passengers. Most of them were survivors of torpedoed ships—Navy and merchant-marine officers, members of Navy armed guards, and merchant seamen. On November 1st, Izzi and some of his pals reckoned that they were thirteen days from New York and they began to talk about shore leave. That day an airplane circled high above the ship. The boys in the armed guard couldn't identify it but thought that it was a friendly one and that the next day they would probably meet and join a convoy. The following day, a bright, pleasant one, the boys spent cleaning and painting the ship's guns. "I was on a detail on the port side painting our thirty-seven millimetres," Izzi recalls. "Me and three other fellows got finished painting them about three-thirty in the afternoon and we thought we'd go aft where another detail was working on our four-inch gun. They had got the gun scraped and were putting red lead on her when we went to look at them. We razzed them for a while, and they threw a wrench at us, and so me and Jensen, Joudy, Labe, and Satterwhite, fellows in my detail, went back to our quarters to play some five-hundred rummy before we went to chow. Joudy went to take a shower, and Labe, a kid from Fall River, and myself were partners against Jensen and Satterwhite. Labe wasn't much good, but we weren't playing for money and so it didn't matter much. We played about three hands and a radio man named Lorenz came in. He said we were three or four hundred miles off the coast of Brazil and then he lit a cigarette and started talking about things in general. We told him to scram, that we didn't want to listen to his stuff while we were trying to play cards. Now it's about four-fifteen or four-thirty, and so he walks out, and we play a few hands more. Jensen is dealing, and bam! we get hit. I holler, 'Jeez, right under us!'

"We all rushed out of the cabin, leaving Joudy in the shower. We forgot all about him. It was just around the corner from our quarters to the main deck, and the first fellow I bump into has his hands over his head, and I looked up and water and wreckage was falling down over him and us. The hallway filled with water and wreckage and we couldn't get out. So we hollered, 'Everybody back and through the lounge.' There were about five of us and we shoved through to get to the guns. Some people on the ship were hollering and screaming, scared as hell, but most of them were calm. The whole place had a horrible smell and it filled up with smoke. We got outside and were running to the guns, and I noticed the ship's crew letting go the rafts over the side, but the ship was still going, making headway, and that's how we lost a lot of our rafts.

"We got to the guns. They were in order. I went to my cabin to get my life jacket. When I got there, I looked and found that Joudy had got out, so I grabbed my jacket and went back to the gun. Our room was a wreck—chairs broken, pictures down, everything in pieces.

"Ensign Maddox, our gunnery officer, was on the bridge, and he gave us a range of two thous
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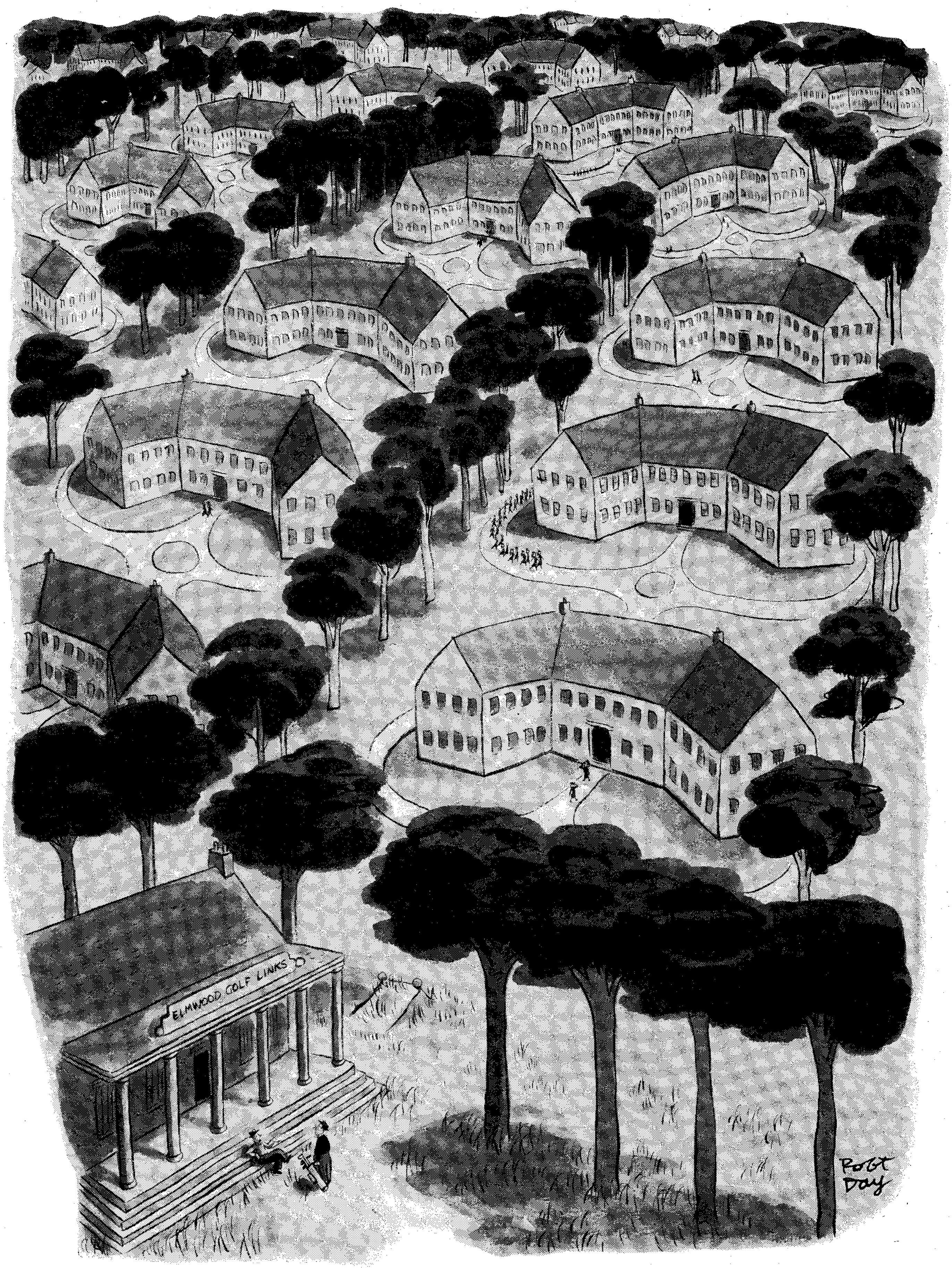

ELMWOOD GOLF LINKS
Robt Day

"I heard the War Department had given it back."

communications between the gun and Maddox, on the bridge. That second one shook hell out of us. Men were trying to get the lifeboats loose, and they did get the ones on the starboard side down, but the ones on the port side were damaged by the explosions. A ship's officer came by and said, 'Don't get nervous, boys.' That sounded funny to me, and I had to laugh."

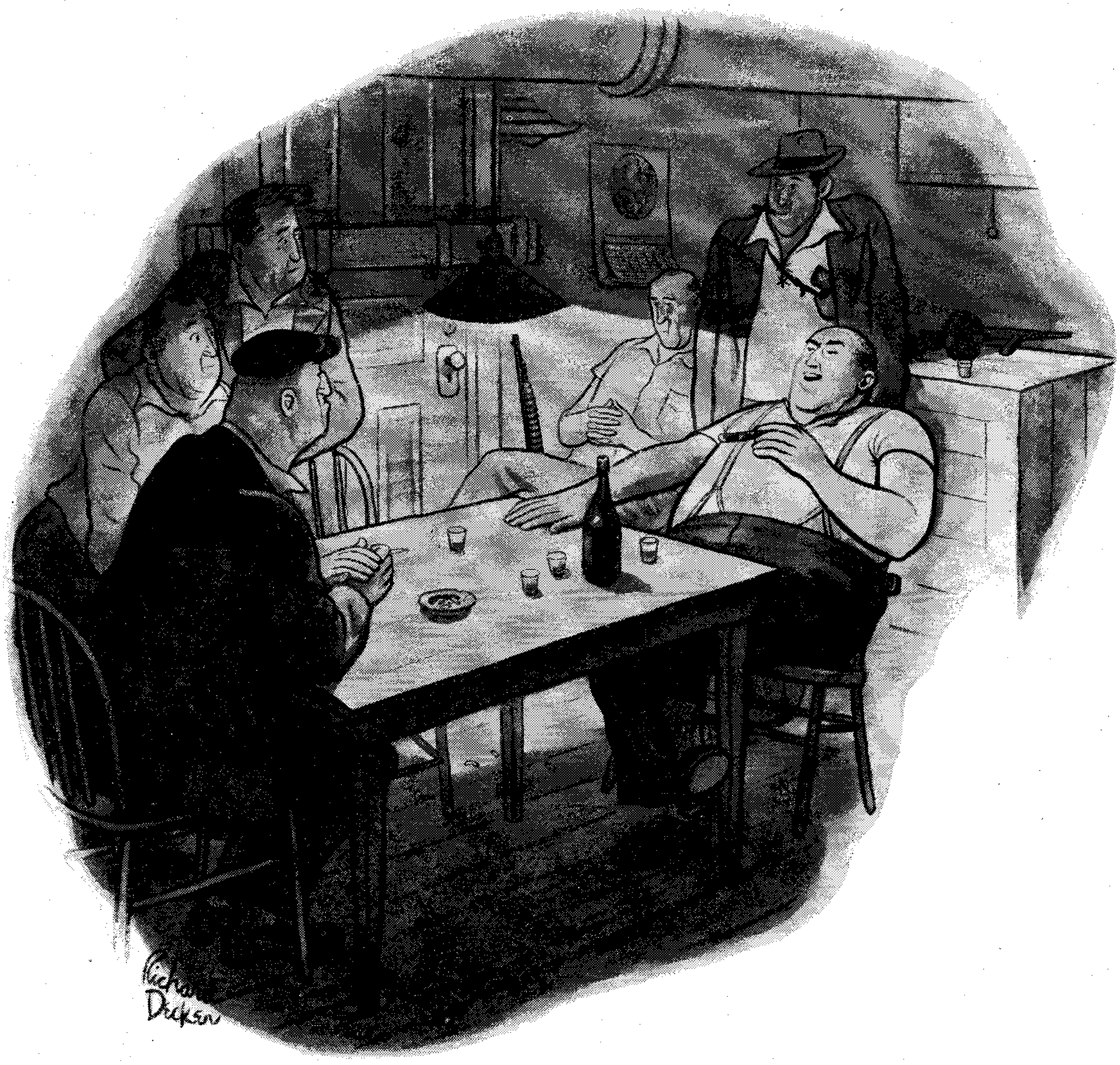
The four-inch-gun platform was high above the deck at the stern of the ship. Izzi and his companions stayed there for a while as the ship, her superstructure twisted and awry, began to sink, bow first. As the bow sank, the stern lifted, and soon the gun was useless, pointing up in the air. One of the boys said, "Let's get out of here," and they dropped down to the deck.

Izzi had on only a pair of dungarees, so he ducked into the ship's laundry, which was right below the gun deck, and grabbed the first shirt he saw. He put the shirt on, not bothering to tuck it in under his trousers. "Jensen and Joudy, my best pals," Izzi said, "were standing on the deck at the stern, and it was raising up higher all the time. Men and wreckage were in the water, and now and then you could hear a fellow scream. I couldn't figure whether to jump from right where I was or move thirty or forty feet forward and *walk* right into the water. I decided I'd better get out of there quick, and I looked down and yelled to some fellows swimming below me to get out of the way. They cleared a space, and I grabbed the top of my life jacket with both hands so when I hit the water it wouldn't come up and break my neck, and I jumped. A fellow came right behind me and landed on top of me, and I thought I never would come up.

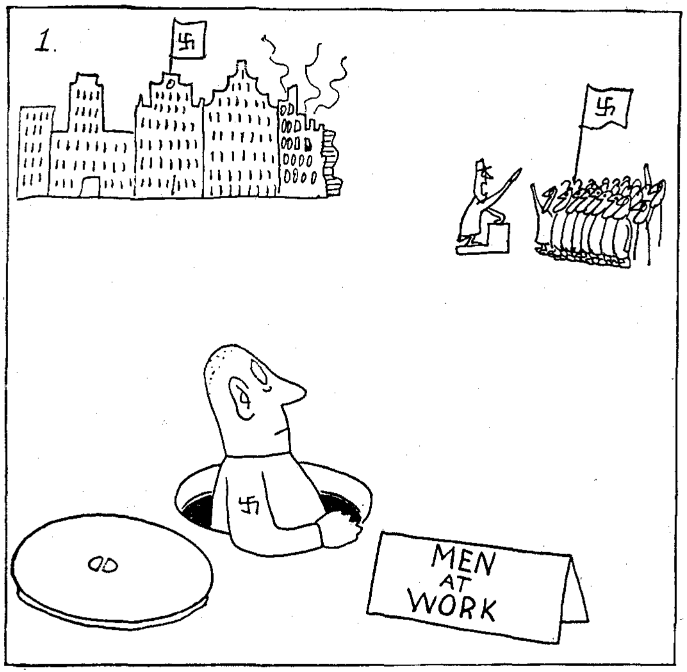
"The old ship was going fast, so I swam as hard as I could to get away from her in order not to be sucked under. The last thing I ever saw of her was her twin screws sticking out of the water. There was a lifeboat right near me. When the ship went under, bow first like she was diving, she made a noise like a waterfall, and there was a great big wave. The wave lifted the lifeboat up against the sky and I could see her and everybody in her.

"The sea was choppy. There were a lot of little bamboo rafts floating around, and pieces of hatch covers that had been blown out in the water by the explosions, and people were hanging on to the rafts, which were built to give a man some support but not to carry him, and to the hatch covers and to any piece of wreckage they could find. I came across Jensen in the water and we grabbed one of the bamboo rafts and began to kick it along in the water." Two of the three lifeboats on the starboard side of the ship got safely into the water. The third capsized but was finally righted. All of them were overloaded. "It was kind of tough to see the lifeboats put up sail and go away," Izzi told me, "but they were overloaded as it was and they couldn't have done anything for us. You couldn't help but think, though, about how with a little luck you might have been one of the guys in those boats that were going someplace."

Jensen and Izzi clung to their bamboo raft. Ensign Maddox floated by, hanging on to another raft, and Izzi and Jensen yelled to him. He reached out and grabbed the boys' raft. The three of them tried to tie the two rafts together with pieces of rope on them but couldn't manage it because of the choppy sea. Maddox asked Izzi and Jensen if they had seen the other boys of the gun crew, and they gave him the names of a few men they had seen drifting on wreckage. The open and swelling sea makes for loneliness, for a man in the water might be ten feet from another and not see him. If he calls, he is likely to swallow salt water, and even someone floating near him cannot tell



"We figured that if you fellows could push your Citizens' National Bank job ahead a day we might get together and make up a car pool."



2.
MEN AT WORK

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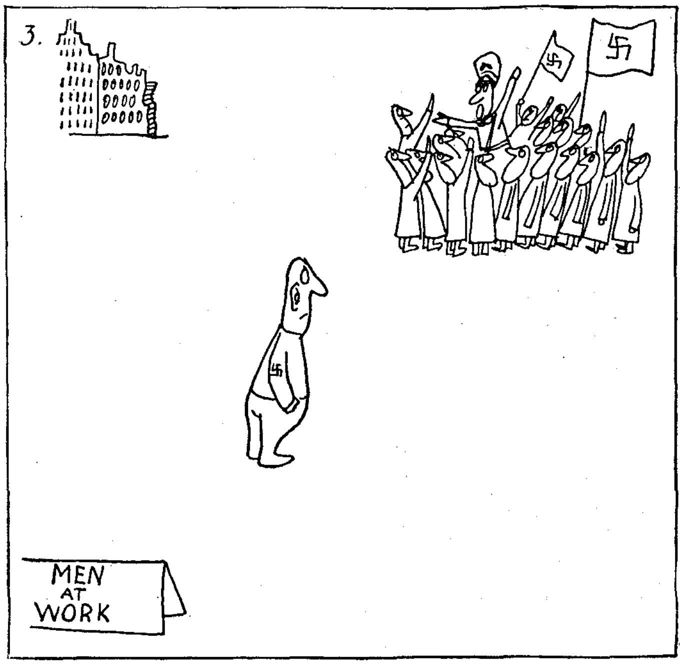
which direction he is shouting from. Hundreds of men were struggling and dying in the water that warm afternoon, and yet only a few saw any one else.

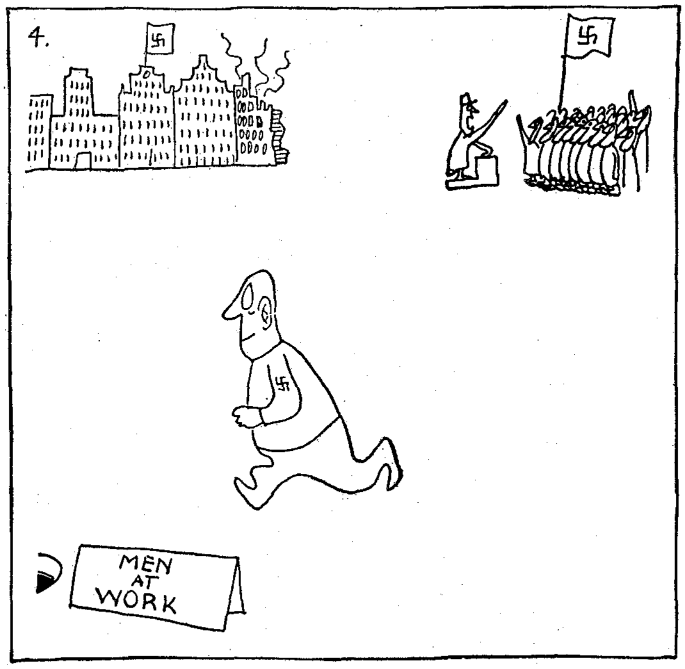
AFTER a while Jensen swam away toward a piece of wreckage that looked a little safer than the raft, but Izzi and Maddox stayed together. They later drifted near a larger bamboo raft on which lay two men who said that they were unable to swim. They had no life jackets and were frightened. Maddox and Izzi let go the smaller raft and clung to the side of the larger one. Then four other gunners, Joudy, Labe, Satterwhite, and Autripp, swam up to the big raft and clung to it, too. Soon they were joined by three or four other men. Desperately, the men tried to gather other wreckage and tie things together to make themselves a haven for the approaching night. The two men who were lying on the raft would not move from their positions, because they were sure that if they fell into the water they would drown. Izzi borrowed a clasp knife with a single, long blade from one of them, to cut rope to bind the several rafts together. After he had finished, he kept the knife. "It started to get dark," Izzi said, "and then you started to hear the hollering and the cries again. A fellow would yell, 'I'm over here,' and another would cry back, 'I can't see you.' It was not so cold, not so warm, and the sunset was red in the sky, and then a wave would lift you high and you could see the sun setting on the horizon."

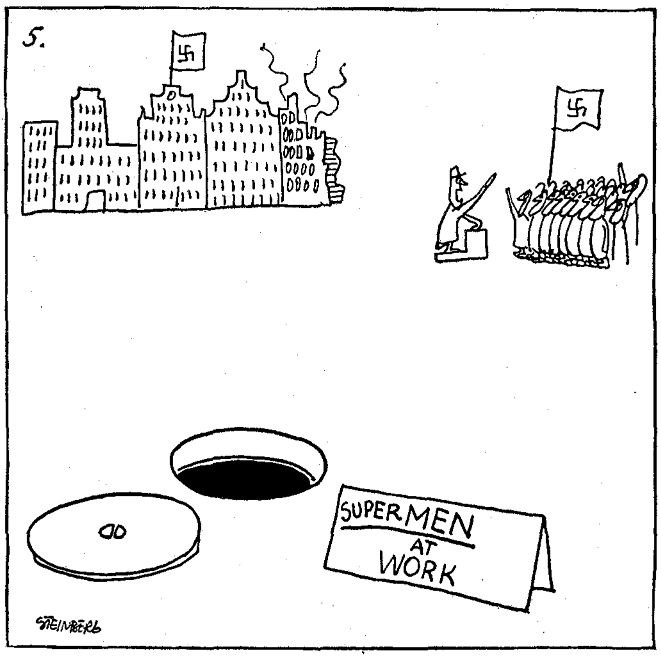
The few pitifully mismated pieces of wreckage—the flimsy bamboo rafts and ungainly hatch covers—the men had been able to lash together constantly broke apart, and the men had a hard time bringing them together again. The men were not too well protected from the elements, for many of them, including Izzi, had taken off their shoes and dungarees in the water. All had swallowed at least a little salt water in the rough sea and that made them feel ill. Most of the men wore life jackets, which were hard and uncomfortable, and now and then a wave would drive one against a man's neck or chin and add a sharp pain to his weariness and sickness. "Once in a while," Izzi said, "a guy would drift away. Maybe he thought of a better place to go, or maybe he got tired and quit, or maybe he just went to sleep. Then you would hear guys hollering for help, screaming that sharks were attacking them, and there was nothing you could do, and then maybe they would stop screaming, and you wouldn't hear them after that, or maybe a guy would stop right in the middle of a yell and you would know that something certainly got him. Pretty soon there was left just me, Joudy, Satterwhite, Autripp, Labe, the two men on top of the raft, and Mr. Maddox. Those of us who were in the water struggled, hanging on to the big bamboo raft. Then about midnight, things began to happen to me.

"I was hanging on to the raft, and I looked over to the left and there was a wall, a fairly tall stone wall, and I could hear the water lapping against it. I *knew* that if there was a wall over there, there was sure to be land behind it, so I started to swim over to it. Joudy left the raft and pulled me back, and I hung on for a while longer. Then about half an hour later I looked over to the left again, and there was the wall and behind it were some big towers for high-tension wires, and I knew that this must be near civilization, so I started for the wall again and Joudy brought me back again, although I could hear the water lapping against the wall and I knew that it was there. The way it seemed to me, it really *was* there. I could see the wall and the waves hit against it and bounce right back. And each time I started out for it, Joudy brought me back."

Then Izzi began thinking about Coca-Cola, and he began talking about it, and then he could feel it going down his throat. "I thought I was on a motorboat," he said, "going a mile a minute, it was so fast. There was a driver up front and I asked him, 'Where are you taking me?' He didn't say anything but just kept driving fast, and pretty soon I got the idea of where we were going. We were going to a night club across the lake. The stars were big and close and they looked like the lights on a ship, and they blinked like the lights on a ship, and I was sure there were ships around us. Then I smelled some smoke and I noticed a big hole near me, where guys were going down for a cigarette. I felt like a cigarette, and I said to Joudy, 'Johnny, I'm going down for a smoke, down to where all those guys are coming up from







smoking.' Joudy hauled me back to the raft again."

Then Izzi saw the wall once more, and behind it were the high electric towers, just like the ones that run through the woods behind his home in South Barre, and this time there was a lunchroom behind the wall, too. It was a white one, the sort of place that sells mainly hamburgers, pie, doughnuts, and coffee. Izzi could see fellows going in and out of the lunchroom, and now and then a truck would stop and the driver would get out, go in, and sit on a stool. Izzi wanted some coffee and he set out for the stand. Joudy hauled him back. "You can't go there now," Joudy said. "You got to stay here. It's orders. We'll all go over there in the morning."

Then Izzi saw the stern of the torpedoed ship, clearly outlined in the bright, starry tropical night, rise out of the sea. The whole after half of the ship rose out of the water and levelled nicely. As Izzi watched, he saw men swim over to the ship and climb a ladder up to her deck, where the cook gave them bacon and eggs. "I thought we were on a detail," Izzi said. "I thought we were out here in the water doing some sort of a job, and I could see these other fellows going in and getting something to eat. I saw the bread on the mess tables and the cook and the messmen handing out the food and fellows going and sitting down. So I called over to Mr. Maddox, who was still hanging on to the raft, and asked him if we all couldn't go in and get something to eat, and change our clothes, smoke a cigarette, and then we would all come back out here. He said he didn't think we would all come back out here. He said he didn't think we had better go, and then I asked him how about my cup of coffee. Couldn't we have some messman bring us out one, the way he would do if we were out a cold night on watch? Mr. Maddox said, 'Tomorrow morning, Izzi, we will all have eggs and coffee.' I couldn't see why we shouldn't all go in and get some rest and come back tomorrow and finish the job. Joudy kept me at the raft, holding on to the top of my life jacket and pulling me back whenever I started to leave."

Throughout the night Izzi kept seeing his wall, riding in the motorboat, and pleading to be allowed to go back to the ship for some coffee. He was not the only one to suffer from hallucinations. Satterwhite, a North Carolina boy who once had auctioned tobacco, thought he saw a hill. "Satterwhite got to talking," Izzi said, "about this hill. The swells really made you think there were hills nearby. He said, 'Come on, we'll go over that hill, and I know some German spies who have a place over there. I know them pretty well, and they'll treat us swell. We'll get us plenty to eat from them, all fixed up.' He convinced Autripp that there was something over the hill and they both started to leave. I yelled at Satterwhite and Autripp, 'Are you crazy?' That made Satterwhite mad, and he swore at me, and he and Autripp swam away. Nobody had the strength to try and stop them."

Izzi started talking to Joudy about Coca-Cola, and the wall, the motorboat, the power lines, the lunchroom, and the ship. Joudy, holding firmly to Izzi's life jacket, would reply, "Stick with us and tomorrow we'll get all we want." Then Izzi started hearing a man yell, "Balance it, balance it!" This might have been a man on a raft yelling instructions to a companion, but to Izzi it sounded as if it was addressed to him and it had an authoritative, uncanny note. He couldn't understand what the voice meant, what he was supposed to do when the man told him to balance it, whatever it was. After a while he saw a man writing figures in a book, and he was puzzled. "This sort of thing went on all night," Izzi said. "The wall, and then the power lines, and then the hamburger stand, and then the ship, and then this guy writing the figures down, two columns, fast as hell, in that book he had. Once in a while the other guys would see a ship or a fellow would yell for coffee and butts. Now and then a guy floating around on a hatch cover would bump into you and stick around for a while. A small moon came up, and the phosphorus in the water was like stars, and the stars in the sky were beating down on you, all different colors, like spotlights, and that's what happened all that night. Sometime toward the end of the night I came to and I was all right again."

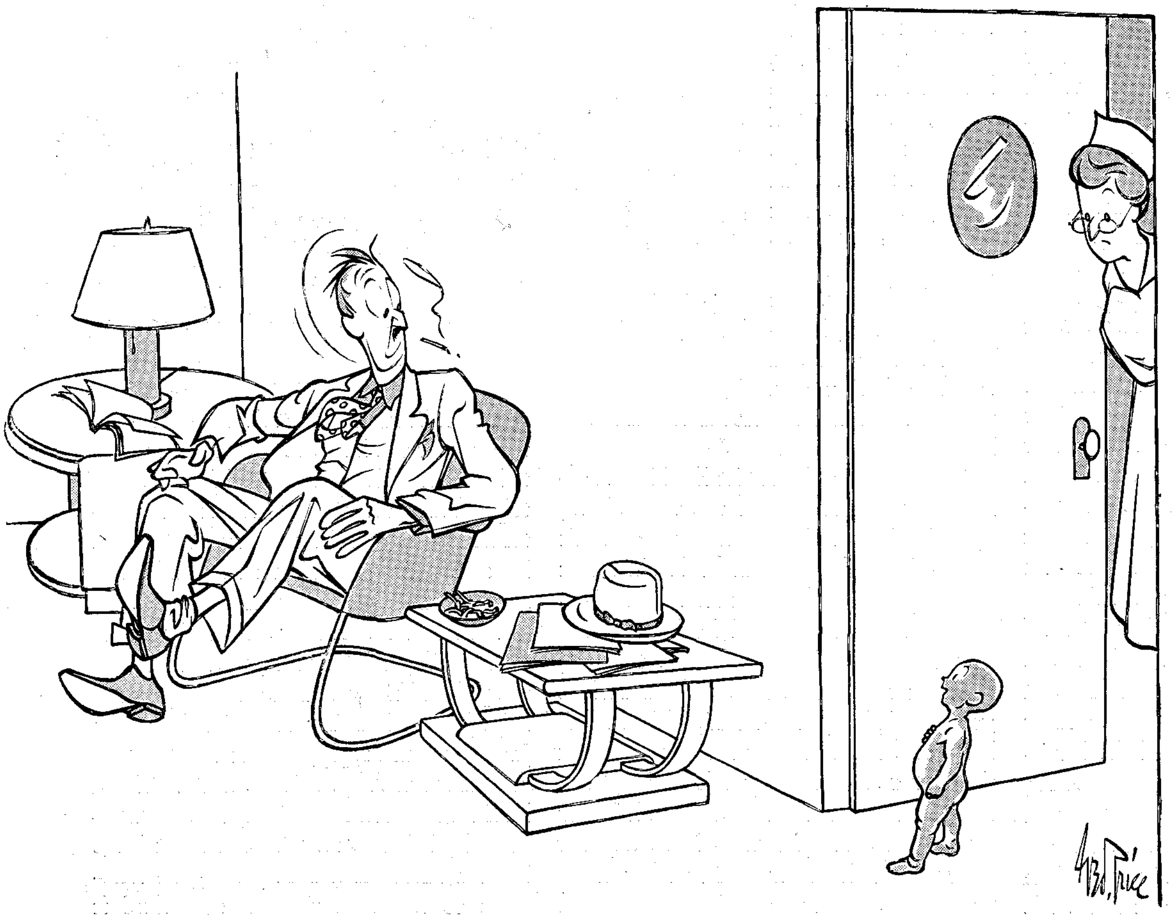
SHORTLY before dawn a star fell, looking like a flare shot from a ship, and some men near Izzi's raft yelled that a vessel had come and was going to save them. Off in the distance, a few men were raving and wailing. "Just before the sun came up," Izzi said, "we bumped into another gun-crew officer, Ensign Fawks, who had been torpedoed in the Red Sea and was coming home on our ship as a passenger. He was sitting on a hatch cover, riding it like a horse. He had a bamboo pole in his hand and he stayed close to us. If we started to drift apart, one of us would grab the pole and pull him along, or he'd pull us along, I don't know which. Then the sharks began coming around, and Fawks would watch for them, and when one got close he would give it a whack on the nose with his pole and drive it away. He'd say, 'Look out, here comes one! Watch!,' and then he'd whack it. The sharks would go off for a while and then they'd come back, and Mr. Fawks would hit them with his pole and drive them away again.

"All that day the sun was very strong. It was cloudy, but every few minutes the sun would come out and burn you. I was hungry as the devil, and sleepy, and thirsty, and all around us was wreckage and guys, hardly alive, doubled up over pieces of wood. We kept trying to pull in wreckage that we could tie together into a raft, but waves would take it away from us. Once in a while we could see a bird. And the day seemed to go like that. We were awfully tired, and it was hard hanging on to the bamboo raft, and the two fellows who were on top wouldn't get off, and we kept asking them to get off and hang on a while, so one of us could rest, but they were too scared.

"Then night came, and the moon was high, and the waves were choppy, and a wave would hit you, and you would swallow salt water and vomit. I would doze off and then wake up and I would still be hanging on to the raft, and the life jacket was getting so hard around the edges it cut into my belly."

Shortly before sunrise, Ensign Maddox began having hallucinations, which he described so eloquently that the men with him were inclined to believe him. "Mr. Maddox," Izzi told me, "said he had noticed a hatch cover near us with some beer in it. All we had to do was find this particular cover, lift it up, and there were three or four cases of beer. Well, Labe and Joudy and Mr. Maddox and me, all separate, leave the bamboo raft and go looking for the beer. Jeez, there I was, swimming around, vomiting once in a while, and trying to find this hatch cover where you could go down below and get some beer.

"Then daylight came, and I could see that wall again, and the high-tension wires, and I heard a cry, 'Help, help! I can't make it!' I saw a sailor trying to make the raft. He was off another crew, one of the torpedoed fellows who had been a passenger." Izzi swam over to the fellow and took him by an arm. The man had cramps, and Izzi told him to kick, and somehow they made the raft. The two men on top of the raft were still lying there; Ensign Fawks was riding his hatch cover, staying as near the raft as he could, and another member of Izzi's gun crew, named Kacevitch, had swum to the raft. Maddox and Labe were gone, Izzi didn't know where. "And there we were, busy hanging on to the raft again," Izzi continued. "Kacevitch was pretty bad, and he kept saying, 'I got to get back to my father. I got a book with me and I can't let it sink because I got to get it back to my fa-



"I'm a boy."

DOWN TO THE SEA IN BOXCARS

EVERY DAY enough freight cars to carry the daily food of half the people of the country roll into the seaports, loaded with war materials and other freight for export.

To do this part of the war job has, at times, meant rushing special trains of critical materials clear across the continent to catch convoys. It involves, every day, maintaining near each of the nation's ports of embarkation a sufficient "bank" of cars loaded with war freight to insure that no convoy shall be delayed, no ship shall fail to be loaded promptly.

And this is but one small, though most important, part of the day's work of the railroads. The total job means starting another freight train on its run every four seconds – starting a special troop movement somewhere in the United States about every six minutes, day and night.

Those are some of the reasons why coaches and Pullman cars are scarce for ordinary travel, why trains are sometimes crowded, why travel is not always up to the high standard which you expect and which the railroads try to maintain.

Other war needs have prevented railroads from obtaining the additional cars and engines they need, but they are using to the limit what they have and what they can get to meet the nation's demands for transportation.

Like other resourceful, self-reliant, American enterprises, the railroads are subordinating everything else to victory—to maintaining the freedom that has made America strong.

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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
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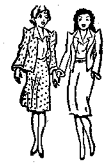

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TOMORROW THE WORLD
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MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with ARTHUR TREACHER
SENOR WENCES CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN McCABE
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WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Conditioned
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OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St. Air Cond.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

ther.' *We* couldn't see any book. Joudy and I got Kacevitch between us and tried to help him. We tried to get the guys on the raft to come over the side and hang on, so we could get Kacevitch up on it so he could rest, but they wouldn't get off."

Then Izzi spied a raft, a substantial wooden one with four men on it. "I thought I saw Lorenz, our radio man, on it," Izzi said, "and I told Joudy I would swim over there and get them to come back and help Kacevitch and the rest of them. I started out, and jeez, it felt like a year. At first I swam directly toward it, and saw I couldn't make it, because it was drifting. Then I swam to get in front of it, and figured the current would bring it down to me. There were sharks around, and my legs ached, and my life jacket was heavy and hard and giving me cramps, and I thought I would never make it."

The raft finally drifted past Izzi, who by then was just bobbing in the water. Izzi climbed unaided onto the raft and fell across it. On the raft were Ensign Maddox, two Dutch seamen, Cornelius van der Slot and Nicko Hoogendam, and an American sailor named George Beasley. Hoogendam and Beasley had been torpedoed once before and had been passengers on the Dutch ship. Van der Slot had been an oiler in the ship's crew. Izzi was to spend a good long time with these four men on the wooden raft.

Izzi explained the plight of the men he had left on the bamboo raft, and for a few minutes the men on the wooden raft tried to paddle toward them, but the current they were in carried them further away. Soon the men whom Izzi had left in an attempt to get help for them were out of sight, among them Joudy, who many times had saved Izzi's life, and Ensign Fawks, who, riding a hatch cover as if it were a horse and wielding a bamboo pole like a lance, had driven the sharks away.

—MARK MURPHY

(This is the first part of a three-part article on Seaman Izzi's experiences on a raft in the Atlantic. The other parts will appear in the next two issues.)

•

TO THE PERSON who inadvertently took a 1940 Ford off Cherry street about 2:30 Tuesday, June 29, please return a new testament you will find in the dashboard compartment. Rev. H. G. Hayes, 1136 College St., Macon.—*Adv. in the Macon (Ga.) News.*

You might just glance it through first.

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
CONDUCTOR ROBERT STOLZ
Choreography George Balanchine
MAJESTIC, W. 44. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thur. & Sat. Air-Cond.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Robert KEITH Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
A New Musical Comedy
EARLY TO BED
Muriel ANGELUS Richard KOLLMAR Mary SMALL Bob HOWARD
Book and Lyrics by GEORGE MARION Jr.
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER
Air-Conditioned BROADHURST W. 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Good . . . for the whole family."—Nichols, Times
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
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Extra Mats. Thurs., Aug. 26, Sept. 2. No Mon. Perf.
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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
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CONVENIENT—QUIET—CHARMING
SINGLES—DOUBLES • LUXURIOUS SUITES
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THE American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

Paul L. Burger's Continental Specialties Made Famous at N. Y. World's Fair
LUNCHEON from $1.25
DINNER from 2.00
CLOSED SAT. AND SUN.
Swiss Pavilion
38 EAST 50 STREET
ELdorado 5-8680

OF ALL THINGS

IT is plain that Stalin couldn't have attended the Quebec conference anyway. He had a previous engagement in Russia, helping the Germans shorten their lines.

•

Wendell Willkie declares that the Republicans can win next year if they adopt a liberal, constructive program. He wants the G.O.P. to talk more about the brave new world and less about the lousy New Deal.

•

Food prices dropped two per cent between mid-June and mid-July. The housewife got this good news direct from Washington, before the grocery man had heard a thing about it.

•

There is an unconfirmed report that some of the German government offices have been moved to Vienna. Unfortunately, Allied fliers are demonstrating that the capital of Austria is no pleasanter a health resort than Berlin.

•

The income-tax returns that have to be filed in September will be more complicated than ever. The Treasury Department is going to ask everybody to tell all about his past, his present, and his future.

•

The voting age has been lowered in Georgia. Now a lad there can cast a ballot if he is eighteen years old and has a dollar, and it will help if he's a Democrat too.

•

The authorities warn us that the rumors of a big, Badoglio-style housecleaning in Berlin don't mean a thing. You can't make that place spick-and-span by simply sweeping Hitler under the rug.

•

Five senators who went overseas for a close-up look at the war were shocked at discovering that our forces have been paying over two dollars a bushel, instead of the domestic rate of a dollar and a half, for North African wheat. They claim that's a lot of money to give to farmers who can't vote.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Mount Vernon fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

• 100 proof, smooth, bottled in bond—that's what has made Mount Vernon for years the patrician of American ryes.

That's why present supplies are limited—so you may have *good* whiskey *continuously* through the duration.

With the distillery engaged in war production, present stocks must be distributed carefully, so come back later if your dealer has none now.

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. . . BUT IN A ROUND BOTTLE

THIS
WHISKEY IS
4 YEARS OLD
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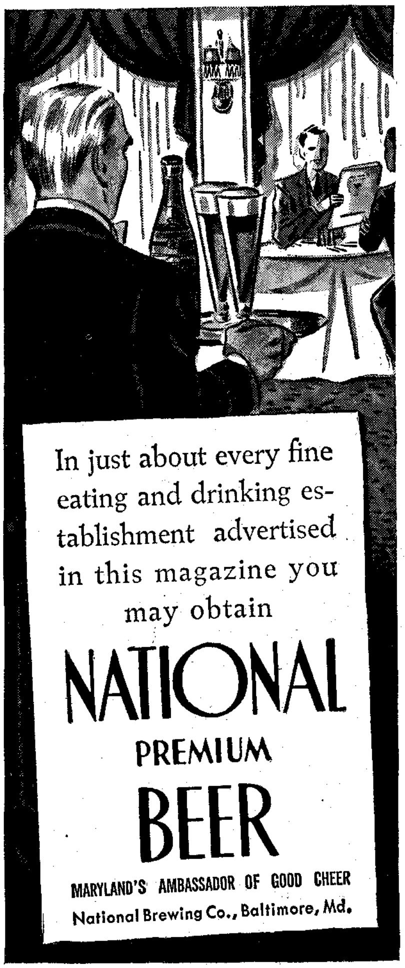

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MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

Distinguished entertaining calls for a distinguished liqueur.

de Kuyper's DELECTA AFTER-DINNER Liqueur

Enjoy this great after-dinner liqueur, straight or half-and-half with brandy. You will be delighted with its delicious taste and distinctive bouquet. Made in America.

ANNO 1695

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. 86 Proof

LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 15 (BY CABLE)

THE sightseeing Londoners who can always be found peering hopefully into Downing Street for a glimpse of a cigar probably weren't very surprised to learn that they had been peering for nothing last week and that their bird had flown again. Mr. Churchill's jaunts have become so routine that only the destination of this one excited much local comment. One or two journals, which last time had implored him not to make any more risky hops for a while, soothed their readers by saying that, just as any traveller should, the Prime Minister had undoubtedly asked himself the question "Is my journey really necessary?"

There are plenty of people here who wish that such a question had been tacked up over Marshal Stalin's desk and that he had answered yes. The satisfaction over the choosing of Canada as the scene of the latest conference has been matched by the disappointment that once more there are no Russian feet under the conference table. Until something is done about this, most intelligent Britons will very likely continue to feel that the table is not well balanced at all and, what's worse, that it won't be a very good one on which to rough out the first blueprint of the grave new world that is to follow the war.

THE air offensive directed against Fortress Europe from this country was on such a scale last week that people in the south found themselves lying awake hour after hour, staring through the window into a sky which seemed to have become one vast, roaring airplane engine. They said, cheerfully and sleepily, that it was just like old times except that the planes are headed out this time instead of in. In London, however, it's become so unusual to hear a plane that when one does go over by day, pedestrians stand gaping up as though they expected to see Blériot in one of those novel flying contraptions.

Possibly because there is official alarm over the notions, which are gaining ground, that the blitz won't visit us again and that the European phase of the war may be over by Christmas, Mr. Herbert Morrison issued new fire-watching orders last week. These told the public that plenty of unpleasantness may still be ahead, and they should make it harder for slackers to dodge serving on the fire-watching shifts if they work in a danger zone. In the future, everybody will be responsible for keeping the office fires from burning instead of sitting cozily by the home ones. Mr. Morrison has, however, been chivalrous toward women fireguards; he has promised them that they won't have to serve in buildings infested with rats and mice, animals which apparently can still cause an Englishwoman to blanch even while taking little things like exploding incendiaries in her stride.

Though there's been no criticism of this tart government reminder that it can still happen here, and though there's perhaps even a sneaking feeling of relief among bored civil-defense workers, lots of city people hope that the long, suffocating, depressing blackout may be relaxed somewhat this winter. Double summer time ended today, and millions of citizens were mournfully reminded, as they set back their clocks, that before long they will find themselves wrestling with folds of black bombazine round about tea time and skinning their shins on curbings in the gloom when they take the dog for a late-afternoon stroll. It's being hopefully pointed out that workers waste time getting back and forth in the completely darkened streets and that the poor ventilation which is the result of all the blackout devices used in factories does as much harm to manpower as any other factor.

THE general public's spirits, however much they may be dampened at the thought of a fifth winter's tale, would have been boosted if everyone had been admitted to a remarkable show last week. This was an exhibition put on privately by the Ministry of Supply, mainly for the edification of industrial magnates and suchlike, at the Royal Horticultural Hall in Westminster, which in happier days bloomed with begonias instead of Bofors guns. The latter unbotanical specimen, both in its old and its current, metal-saving versions, was on view as one illustration of how brilliantly designers, scientists, and manufacturers have succeeded in finding substitutes for unprocurable raw materials and in simplifying design, often with an almost unbelievable saving of man-hours. The loss of Malaya and its rubber plantations meant that pilots going out to pound Nuremburg have almost certainly been sitting on seats made of felt and deep pile fabric but just as cushiony as if they were rubber. Ever since the bottling up of Scandinavian sources of timber, British housewives have threaded their needles from cleverly designed spools which, according to the Exhibition, save six thousand tons of wood a year, and they have bought brooms with square handles which somehow use a third less wood than the old, rounded ones. In nearly every branch of civilian endeavor and in almost every war industry, someone has discovered that almost any job can be done more easily, rapidly, and/or efficiently. Lots of the men in business suits, going through the show with the same thoughtful expression once worn by tweedy ladies up from Devonshire to inspect the new roses, may well have reflected that all these improvisations are going to shorten the war and also that they should lengthen hours of leisure when it's over, so that the health and happiness of mankind may have a real chance of blossoming.

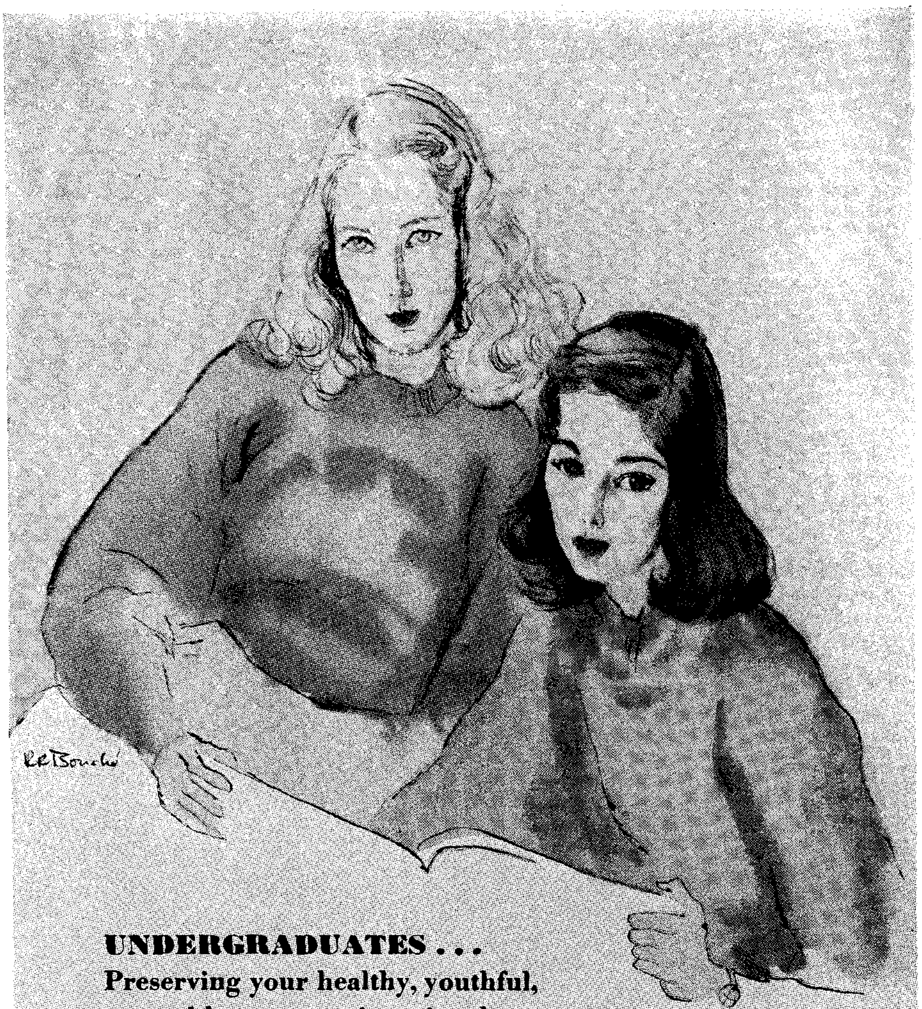
THE idea of spending holidays at home has caught on in a way that should gladden the hearts of the railway companies, judging by the record crowds at all the points of interest right here in town. Vacationing Londoners are queuing up in quantity to eat, to dance, to see movies, and to swim in suburban pools. The parks are full of family parties picnicking on the grass just as peacefully as though they were on Exmoor instead of within a sandwich's throw of an anti-aircraft gun. At lunchtime, one or another regimental band plays in Trafalgar Square, and the lowbrows listen to martial airs and fish their happy offspring out of the fountains while the highbrows get in line for Bach at the National Gallery. On the surface, London is a boom holiday town. It's not forgotten, though, that this is the traditional month of destiny in Europe, and there is everywhere an expectant feeling that some morning, with a bang which will stop Londoners from queuing up for anything but newspapers, August will show that it's running true to form.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

MARCH 20, 1776—Washington entered Boston upon the evacuation of the British. Despite hardships of almost every nature, this first venture of the Revolution was such a miraculous success that the Congress voted a medal to the Commander-in-chief. It also gave thanks to God.—*From "Our Army Day by Day," published by Radio Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department.*

On second thought.



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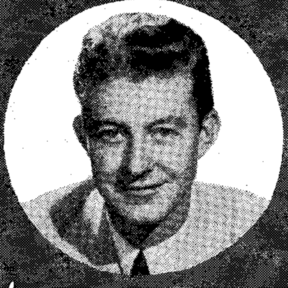

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THE THEATRE

TWO RESURRECTIONS

OUTSIDE of the local Russian population (120,764), it's hard to say where Mr. Leon Greanin will find a great many people to appeal to with his "Chauve-Souris of 1943." Presumably, a certain number of the local Russians will want to see what their friends and relatives are up to at the Royale Theatre and will get a mild, nostalgic kick out of hearing their native tongue given a good workout and seeing all those shawls and knee boots, but there's not much in it for the rest of us. Whatever it was—verve or novelty or just good old talent—that got the original "Chauve-Souris" over the language barrier, it seems to be lacking in this edition. As a matter of fact, there's no telling how many of even his own compatriots Mr. Greanin can count on for customers, because there are indications that this isn't too good a revue in any language. An untutored American can best judge by the occasions when it lapses into English, which aren't very memorable. One of these is a sort of theme song, sung by Miss Vera Pavlovska, which describes the joys of the show and has a pretty tune but a rather elementary (and over-enthusiastic) lyric, and another is a duet between a lady sniper and a Wac for which it can only be said that neither party comes out on top.

There is no doubt that the Russians as a people are singing and dancing fools. When they get a chance to rear back and vocalize or leap into those lively, underslung dance steps they are noted for, they're sure to please. The show has quite a bit of singing and dancing in it and consequently has its moments, especially since the music includes a touch of Tchaikovsky and a few sure-fire choral numbers like "Song of the Fields." When it comes to comedy, though, and other attempts at variety, something's amiss, possibly the material. This goes for "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," which has been hopefully brought back but turns out to be too familiar a tune by now to carry the wallop it had the first time.

Mr. Greanin, it must be admitted, does all right as his own master of ceremonies. He speaks English without the use of verbs or definite articles, incidentally, which gives his lines a nice, streamlined effect.

IT has somehow occurred to Mr. Meyer Davis and Mr. George Jessel to revive Hall Johnson's "Run Little Chillun," which is now at the Hudson Theatre. Perhaps they wanted to hear Mr. Johnson's choir, which is certainly a good one, singing Mr. Johnson's arrangements of his own and other people's spirituals, of which there are certainly plenty in the play. The trouble is that there's not much else to the play, just as there wasn't ten years ago, when it was first produced. What story there is, as you may recall, has to do with two religious sects, one extremely liberal and one a species of Baptist, and their respective influences over a young reverend and a certain little daughter of joy he has taken up with. About all this leads to is a sort of rough-and-tumble jungle dance at the end of the first act and a revival meeting, in which ten or twelve spirituals are sung one right after the other, at the end of the second. Of dialogue there is not much and of acting there is next to none. The solo voices, especially Mr. Charles Holland's, are fine, and so is the choir, and that's that. Maybe Mr. Davis and Mr. Jessel could have just bought some records instead.

—D. E. L.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," by James Hadley Chase*]

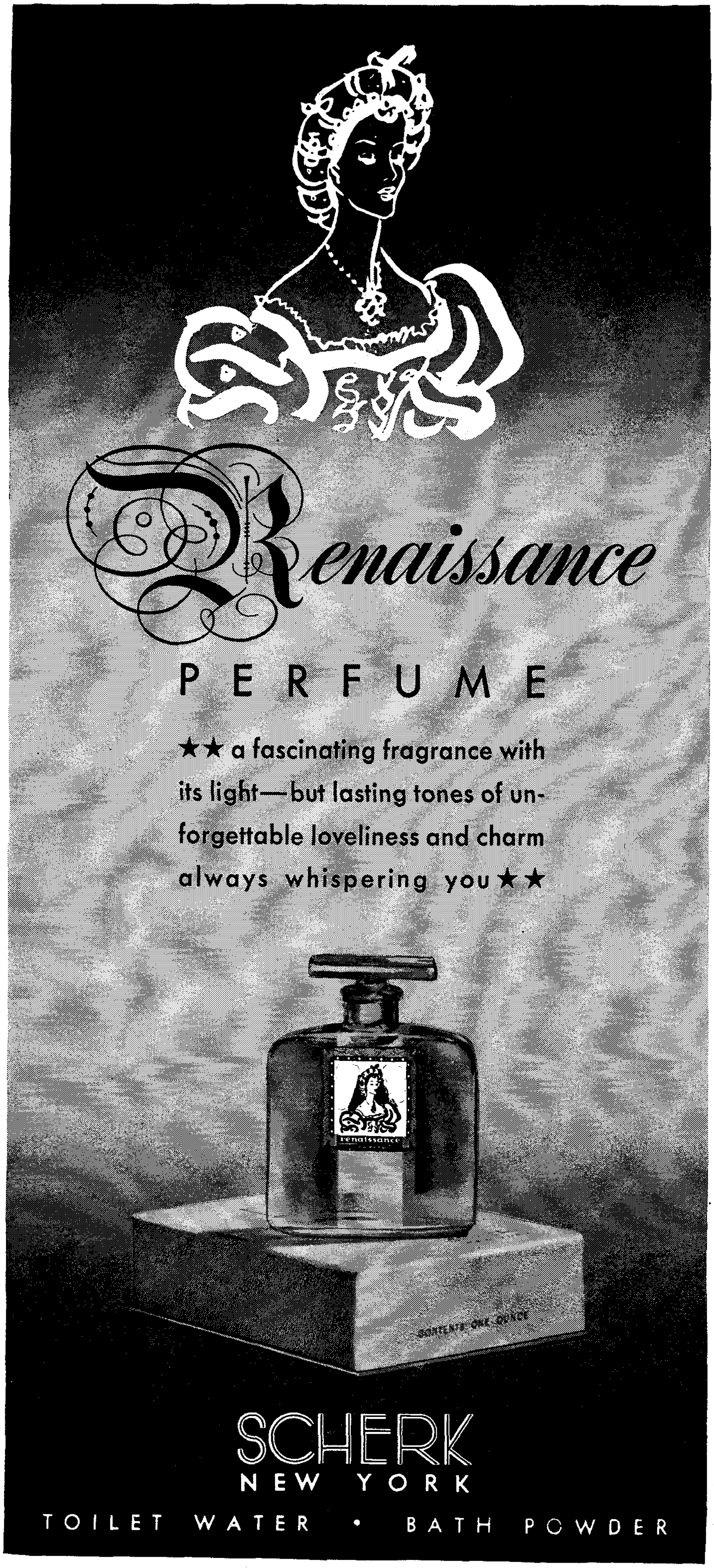
Riley sat at the back, with Miss Blandish lying on his feet, biting his nails.

THE RACE TRACK

Second-Rate Travers

IT may be that I'm just getting more perceptive, but it seemed to me that the horses who ran last Saturday in the Travers Stakes, the Saratoga Association's oldest event, were a poor lot. Of course, I've felt all along, and maybe you have too, that there have been only two classes of three-year-olds this season—first, Count Fleet; second, all the others. However, even the most fervent fan had to admit that none of the runners in the Travers had won a race this year worth as much as $3,500 to the winner. And, purses being what they are these days (even the eighth race at Belmont last weekend was a $5,000 number), it's a pretty unimportant event that isn't worth $3,500. Eurasian, the colt who led all the way in the Travers, was sold early this year to the Havahome Stable by Mrs. Barclay Douglas because he hadn't been winning for her. Two years ago, however, she had nominated him for this year's Travers. According to the rules of racing, Eurasian could start in the Travers only if he ran in the name and colors of Mrs. Douglas's Mill River Stable. Everything turned out beautifully for all concerned. The Man o' War Bowl was awarded to Mrs. Douglas, while three-quarters of the purse of $19,850 went to Joe and Frank Rabinovich, who are the Havahome boys, and the rest to her. Almost everyone else was unhappy about things, for Bourmont, the odds-on favorite and an almost too handsome colt, ran as though his feet hurt him and finished fourth.

THE only thing I could give my unqualified admiration to at Belmont last weekend was Bee Mac's victory in the Spinaway. J. W. Smith, her trainer, remarked before he saddled her that he hoped she'd have better luck in the race than Baba Kenny, her mamma, had. Then I recalled that Smith rode Baba Kenny in the 1930 Spinaway, in which she was beaten by Risque. Bee Mac never left the result of her race in doubt, while the favorite, Boojiana, chose to be temperamental and came in fifth. You can list Bee Mac, who's by War Admiral and looks a lot like him, too, as one of the better two-year-olds. She was bred by Ed Bradley, whose luck finally seems to have turned; two of his



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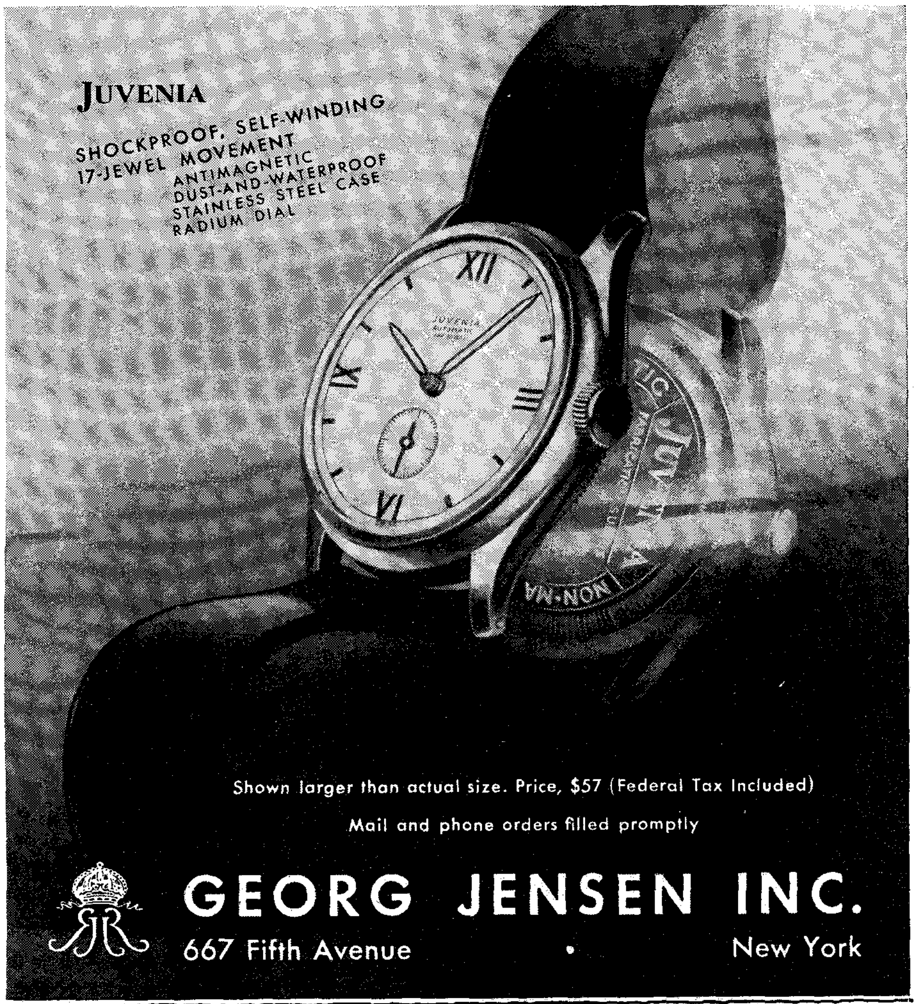
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own horses, Black Gang and Besieged, were winners last week. Everyone agrees that Miss Beatrice MacGuire, whose only purchase so far is Bee Mac, whom she bought last autumn from Bradley, has got off to a good start in the business.

I DARESAY that the Kentucky horse breeders are still dancing in the streets of Lexington, for the bidding at the yearling sales there last week was just as lively as the betting at the Saratoga-at-Belmont races. Three hundred and twelve head brought $925,850, which averages about three times as much per horse as the sales at Saratoga last August brought. Another auction like that one and even breeders like A. B. Hancock, who greatly prefers the Spa, will weaken. The hero of the Lexington sales was William Helis, who gave $66,000 for a colt by Blenheim II out of Risk—the highest price paid for a yearling in America in fifteen years. Travellers returned from the affair tell me that this colt is the finest bit of horseflesh they have ever seen. Helis certainly hasn't spared his checkbook in building up his stable. He gave $140,300 for nine young horses at the Lexington sales and would have bought at least one more if he could. Somebody with sharp ears reported that, shortly after Henry Lustig bid in a colt by Rhodes Scholar for $11,000, Helis came over to him and said, "You're lucky to get that one. I'd have got him if I hadn't had to go to the telephone."

WELL, here I am with less space than I'd like to give to the Hambletonian. Frankly, I found it as good fun at Empire City as it ever was at Goshen. Besides, I had a better view of the race. I'm sure that Volo Song, who won it, is a nice colt, and his performance in the first heat, despite the trouble the starter caused him, was remarkable. Some enthusiastic spectators even went so far as to say that he might be as good as Greyhound. That's just daydreaming. There never will be another trotter as good as Greyhound—at least, not in my book. —AUDAX MINOR

•

> Greta Garbo will become a citizen within a few days—and it's Bette Davis who wants him! American. No more European she wants to be completely glamour roles for her, she says —and Metro is hunting like a chipmunk for a peanut for a story for her. Miss G., by the way, is contemplating building her own house.—*The Daily News.*

There you have it, in a peanutshell

STEPHANIE IN STURGEON BAY

WE arrived in Sturgeon Bay late one evening in mid-July after travelling for two days—myself, my daughter Stephanie, aged five and three-quarters, and my daughter Victoria, aged two. My husband had taken a house for us and moved over from the local hotel. In civilian life he had been a painter, but he was now a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, ordered to this small Wisconsin town to supervise the completion of his ship. We had come out from Maine to join him for two months in a furnished house—a very tiny house, with an attic on the second floor for the children and a bedroom downstairs for Stephen and me, with a new electric washing machine right next to the bed instead of a table.

Immediately after breakfast the first morning Stephanie broached the subject dearest to her heart. "Mummie, do you think there will be any children here to play with?"

"Yes, darling. I'm sure there will."

After careful instructions from me about crossing streets, for she had never lived on one before, she wandered off.

It must have been easily two hours before, taking the baby, I went out to look for my older daughter. The life of a small-town street was new to me, too, accustomed only to New York or to the rocky island where we had been living, so I glanced around curiously as I stepped out. On the front of my house was a narrow porch, or stoop. Then came a short front walk, the sidewalk, a row of handsome, evenly spaced trees, and the street. Across the street was a wide strip of city-kept grass, then a broad canal, which ran from Green Bay to Lake Michigan; beyond that lay a low, undistinguished strip of land. On either side of me were houses, each set in a grassy, unfenced yard and each about twenty to forty yards from its neighbors. I walked along slowly, holding Vicky's hand, and soon spied Stephanie with two other children on the sidewalk several houses away. She was jumping up and down in short, continuous jumps. She shouted as soon as she saw me, "Hi, Mummie! I got two!" Sure enough, she had. Two little girls, one bigger, one smaller than herself, plain as mud pies and with smiling, freckled faces and short-cropped, reddish hair. They both wore dripping-wet home-made bathing suits of green velveteen. Water was dripping off every part of them—ears, nose, hair; in fact, a great pool collected on the sidewalk as we talked. Stephanie must have just fished them out of the canal.

"They're coming to lunch," she said.

"Oh, how nice!" I said. That was the beginning.

The wide strip of grass across the street proved a good hunting ground for Stephanie. Children collected there to swim. All that first afternoon she was busy. She loitered around until she saw a group that appealed to her, then she went up and joined it with a friendly "Hi," and they answered her "Hi." The crowd in our cramped quarters grew daily. The third afternoon I was hiding in the bedroom, between the little sitting room and the littler kitchen, when I heard Stephanie's voice, clear and distinct and with a good, strong Maine accent, above the babble. "Now, if we jest could find someone for Vicky to play with." A henchman evidently jumped up to comply, for the screen door slammed. Stephanie shouted after her, "Either a two-year-old one or a three-year-old one will do, but be sure to get an easy name for Vicky to say!"

To Stephanie, Sturgeon Bay was miraculous, just like a big store where you could order children to play with of any size or description that you wanted. That same evening she came rushing in as the rest of us were sitting down to dinner. "Mummie, Mummie, kin I stay up jest a little late? I've got a high-school girl out there!"

"Good," muttered her father. "Keep on. Soon you'll be getting them old enough for me."

WE had been established in Sturgeon Bay about a week when "group activities" began to enter our life. I did nothing about them; Stephanie arranged them all by herself. The town had, to my daily sorrow, no public garbage-disposal system, but it did a lot for its children. There was a free tap-dancing class taught by a man with infinite patience and one artificial arm. Stephanie found out about it and arranged to go with a group of girls. The class met three times a week. Sometimes Vicky wanted to go along to watch, so I would put her in the basket of my rented boy's bicycle and pedal off behind the other children. Church, or, more accurately, Sunday school, was another gathering place. My husband and I are lax Episcopalians who never attend church, but Stephanie was most anxious to go and reeled off to me a list of friends she could accompany, and I readily consented. She went for three Sundays before it occurred to me to inquire the denomination of this church she liked so much. It was Catholic. When, on the fourth Sunday, she again disappeared at about nine-thirty and reappeared about eleven, I assumed that she had been, as usual, attending the Catholic Sunday school; a casual remark at lunch brought out, "Oh no, I went to a different one this time." Moravian. I simply hadn't noticed that it was a different car which had stopped for her, a different family to which she had rushed out with that warm, welcoming "Hi."

I never knew what Stephanie learned from her course in comparative religion, but she did learn a sort of tap. She talked glibly about the Shuffle Off to Buffalo and Down in the Meadow—names which seemed to come back to me out of a dim past—and she did something which she called the Mickey Mouse. She did her best to impart all this to Vicky. "You see, Vicky," she'd say, "jest make yourself loose." Vicky, watching me out of one corner of a beaming eye, imitated Stephanie, stump-stump-stamp-stamp. The other children came in off the street to practice. The house shook with shuffle-shuffle-stamp-stamp. I would sit at the dining table trying to write letters and be surrounded by seven bobbing, jigging, shuffle-shuffle-stamp-stamping little figures. If I waved my arms distractedly, they would move in a body out onto the porch, where they were separated from me by a screen door and where the resonance was much better. Sometimes Stephen would come home and say to me, "Please, please! My God, after the riveting on the ship all day!" Then I would clear them out and they would good-humoredly go off to pester some other parent. That always fascinated me—the sweep of children from house to house. They would all be at our house, banging out "Chopsticks" on the piano, shuffling and stamping, strewing the living room and the front porch with paper dolls, and suddenly they would all be gone. Someone might have gone by on a bicycle and called "Hi, I'm going to Sally's!" and given them an idea. Then they would reappear out of nowhere, like a flight of swallows.

Among the group activities in Sturgeon Bay I feel I should really mention the diseases. They ebbed and flowed, a steady, not overwhelmingly important undercurrent of the community life. It might have been other things at other seasons or in other years, but while I was there it was measles and

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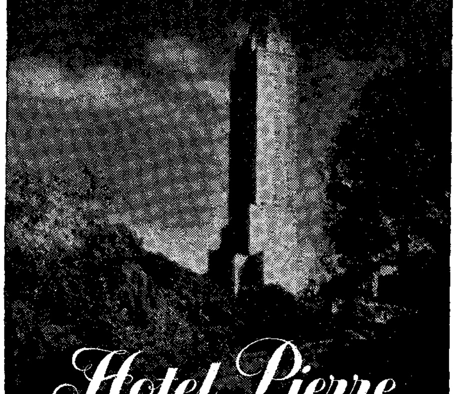

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MIDSUMMER AT THE HOMESTEAD
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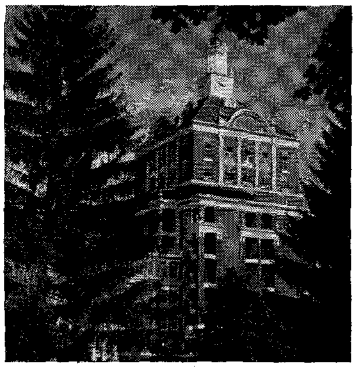

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mumps. I used to bicycle downtown every day—an exact mile of street—to do the marketing, and as I rode along I'd see the signs: "MEASLES," "MUMPS." Generally the signs were of wood. They were hung over the gatepost, if there was one, or on the doorknob. By the signs you could follow the course of the epidemic. Most of the signs were homemade, with an individual slant to the "M" or quirl to the "S" which I got to know; a sign would disappear from one doorknob where it had hung for two weeks and a few days later it would suddenly reappear on another five houses down.

At the grocer's I would be feeling peaches, with my basket on one arm, when a smiling face would appear beneath my elbow and announce, "We think Janie's got the mumps," and then vanish. A few days later this same face would announce, with exactly the same smile and intonation, "Janie hasn't got the mumps." Both the speaker and Janie were only vague characters to me, but they knew me because of Stephanie.

Inevitably, of course, Stephanie also got the mumps. They did not seem to make her feel poorly at all, and I'm afraid that I was secretly rather pleased. I thought, Ah, now there can't be so many visitors; maybe I'll have a moment's peace. So I put up a big sign. But not at all. Nearly all Stephanie's friends proved to have *had* the mumps. If she were not allowed to leave her yard, why, they were prepared to keep her company in it. They arrived in hordes from blocks around, bringing their toys and paper dolls and saying, "Poor Stephanie, *we* won't leave you alone." When they all started tap-dancing, I gave up and got on my bicycle and went to the public library.

STEPHANIE became a familiar part of kitchens which I never entered, and her friends were not confined to little girls of her own age. She was not unusual in this respect. It was one of the nice things about the place, this blending of children. There was no classification by age; fifteen-year-olds were friendly with Stephanie's scant six, seven-year-olds played amiably with children of three. There were really only two cliques, two groups which never mixed. My husband remarked, "This is the most peculiar town—have you noticed? All girls." And I answered, "Well, my dear, that's only because we happen to live in the girl area." I knew from my daily passage by bicycle that exactly two and a half blocks from our house that same strip of grass across the street, without visible demarcation whatever, was abruptly inhabited by boys—big ones, little ones, all sizes. Even the small fry playing along the gutters, through whom I had to weave, were suddenly all male. I used to wonder what businesses they carried on among themselves, what instinct or mores kept the two groups so sedulously apart. If it was some unwritten law, Stephanie did not sense it and broke it time and again. At home her chief friends had been two small Coast Guard sons, and here she hailed passing boys of similar age with the same ringing "Hi" as she did her own sex. Often they did not answer her. Two, however, became wary friends. They were going by one morning with a small wagon—from the sounds they made I judged it was momentarily a streamliner—when Stephanie stepped out onto the porch, letting the screen door slam behind her.

"Hi," she said. "Would you like a big chunka ice?"

That got them. They stopped the streamliner and trundled it round to the back door, where, five minutes before, the iceman had thrown on the grass the remnants of the old cake of ice in order to put in the new one. It lay in the sun, glistening and beautiful. The three of them loaded it onto the wagon and went off down the sidewalk, playing some new game.

After that the boys often came on iceman days. Once, when there was no old chunk left over, I could not withstand the three pairs of eyes, especially the trust in Stephanie's, so I hacked a piece off the new cake and they bore it off. I noticed that Stephanie always returned fairly soon after they left our yard. I wondered if even she were reluctant to cross the invisible barrier into the boy area.

ON the long, summer evenings, after dinner, my husband and I would sit on the little porch, tilting back the flimsy canvas chairs, gossiping idly, and watching the Booth Tarkington life of the street flow past: the grown people walking, those to whom we would merely nod and those with whom we came to exchange greetings or remarks; the girls on bicycles, in short-sleeved, bare-armed summer dresses or shorts or bathing suits, sometimes singly, usually in groups, two on one wheel or teetering slowly along the sidewalk while a friend walked; the boys on bicycles, whizzing always through this girl-infested area, shirtless, tanned, stringy, lean young backs; the gatherings on the strip of grass across the street—for on hot evenings the swimming in the canal had a resurgence after the supper hour and lasted until late. There were no courting couples. They went elsewhere—to the movies, to the Carmen Bar, to the leafy dirt roads out by the quarry on Green Bay. With deep tenderness, as well as curiosity, I would watch my daughter loitering on the sidewalk, long, yellow braids swinging, straight, thin, knobby-kneed brown legs never still even when she remained in one place, hopping, jigging, holding her cat sometimes as bait, carrying on mysterious *sotto voce* conversations with herself, waiting for her prey. She maneuvered, often quite forcibly, all passers-by who pleased her into conversation by the simple means of grabbing hold of their bicycles and refusing to let go. As her own death knell of bedtime approached, she usually managed to slip away to the grass across the street or to some friend's yard further away. She always came, however, when presently I went wandering after her, shouting vaguely in whatever direction I thought she had disappeared. If possible, she brought a group with her. "Mummie, kin the children keep me company while I go to bed?" I would look at all of them and answer, "Well, all right. I suppose so," and they'd troop into the house.

One evening three of them came in with Stephanie—to watch her brush her teeth, I suppose—and they all jammed into that dank hole of a downstairs closet called our bathroom: Mary, the fat one with glasses and straight bangs; Bunny, aged fourteen, gentle and beautiful, with warm, creamy skin and large, dark eyes and a melting figure just beginning; and Ruthie, aged seven, exactly Stephanie's size, with long braids like Stephanie's. Stephen and I were in the sitting room, quietly reading, I with one ear cocked to the merriment beyond. Suddenly there came a faint, scratching noise at the screen door. I got up to see what was there. A perfectly strange tiny tot, much smaller than Vicky, was pressing her nose against the screen and scratching softly.

"Heavens!" said my husband. "Don't the children ever go to bed in this town?" Before I could answer, the bathroom door burst open and the stark-naked form of Stephanie—she must have been halfway between day clothes and pajamas—darted past me to fling wide the screen door.

"Doris!" she said tenderly, her bare body bending down. "You pore thing. Was you lonely out there all by yourself? Come right in and join the others."

—ELIZABETH ETNIER

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

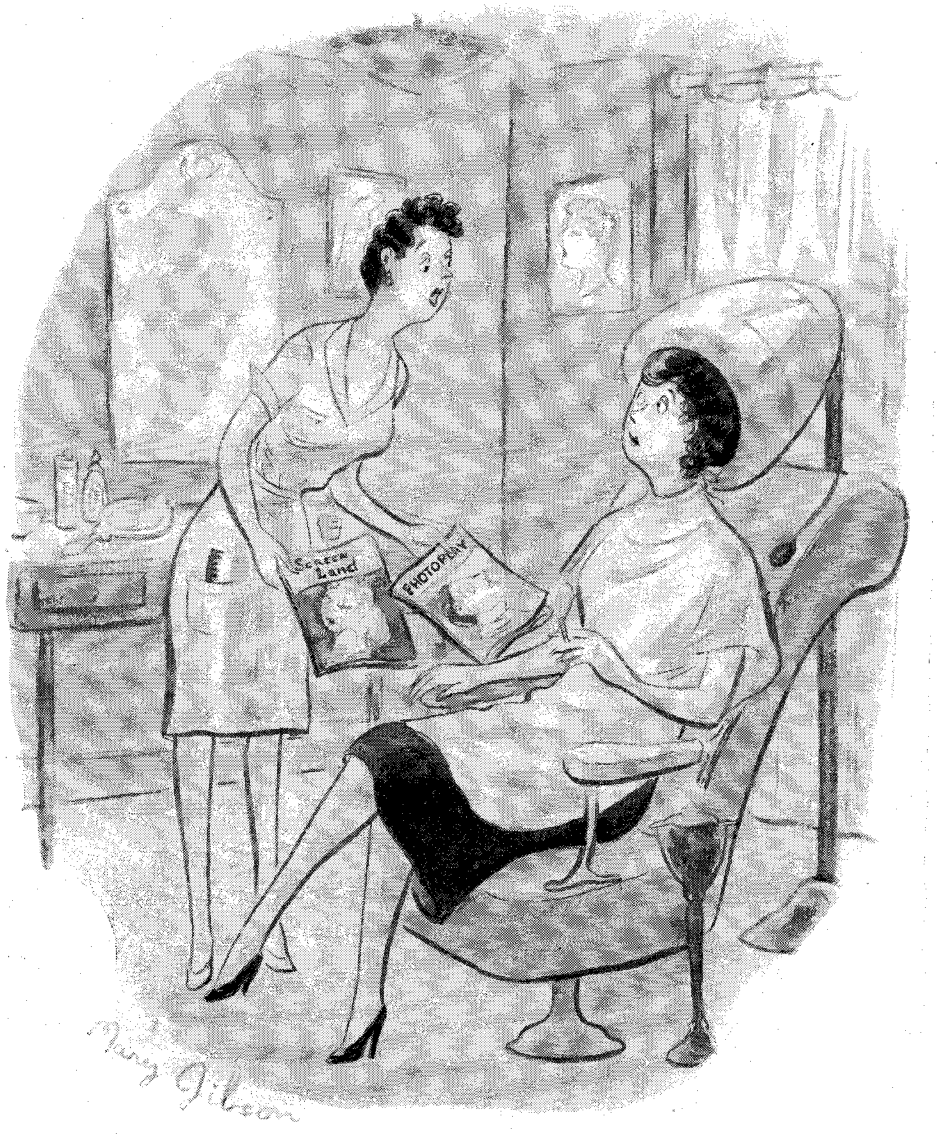
THOUGH pretty well stripped of the frills we once took so much for granted, campus life still goes on. It's been going on all summer, of course, in most men's colleges, where tan and blue-and-white are what the well-dressed man will wear (and no fooling), and now it's getting under way again—a good month earlier than it used to—on the daisy-chain circuit. (Wellesley opens, if you can believe it, next Wednesday, but there'll be a long, fuel-saving winter vacation to make up for it later on.) What the well-dressed girl will wear during the coming college year may not be quite so rigidly prescribed as it is in the men's schools, but if the displays in the college shops around town are any sign, she's going to have little to do with what was once called feminine frippery and will choose instead things that will stand up just as well on a vacation job as they will in the classroom. Grim as it may sound, however, this early return to the campuses has its compensations, for the fact that droves of servicemen are in training at a great many colleges should cheer a lot of young ladies who have been going dateless this summer, whether at resorts, on farms, or in factories.

Let's see, now. Altman's College Shop lures you inside with an offer to take a free snapshot of you, and no strings to the proposition, either—you don't even have to buy a handkerchief as a thank-you if you don't want to. (It's a fairly flattering snapshot, too, judging from the ones I saw.) Then they sit you down with V-mail stationery and have you write someone you know overseas that you're going to send him your picture. They even supply you with the stamp and put the letter in a V-mailbox they've rigged up. Awfully warm in here, isn't it?

As for Altman's clothes, there's a group of cotton-twill outfits which should be thoroughly welcome to anyone who has to skip from class to class under an August sun. Most of them are designed to be worn with something that gives a touch of contrasting color. For instance, a navy-blue jumper dress may be accompanied by a plaid cotton shirt ($14.95 pays for both items) during the sticky days at the opening of the fall semester and by whatever sweater you have handy when the weather cools off later on. Then there are navy, black, or dark green skirts that have saddlebag pockets big enough to hold any amount of pencils, lipsticks, erasers, and whatnot. They go with gingham play suits, which are nice for bicycling or for the beach, if you can get there. A red coolie coat with a plaid lining is accompanied by black slacks and is as versatile as it is pretty, for it can also be worn for lounging indoors, as a topcoat, or as an evening wrap.

If you are looking ahead to colder days, you may find the shop's handsome fundamental suits more up your alley. They come from California and they have those long, easy jackets which are dear to undergraduates, so I'm told; in sage-green, soft-blue, or cardinal-red doeskin-finished wool adorned with hand-stitching ($29.95), and in various shades of Shetland wool, including a particularly nice coppery one (also $29.95). Teddybear cloth coats with quilted linings have broken out rakishly in bright red or emerald green, and somehow look warmer than their more commonplace cousins.

Altman is all agog, or something, over its long black evening dresses, which it figures the girls will have plenty of chances to wear at U.S.O. dances. One, a tailored affair in rayon taffeta, has an American Beauty rayon velvet collar and matching buttons to give it a nice dash of color; a more elaborate one of two-tone rayon faille has a pink bodice with a square neck outlined by glistening black jet and embroidered with pink pearls. Romantic types will probably go for a sleeveless rayon taffeta dress with a fluffy net skirt and pale pink ribbons lacing its low décolletage and nipped-



"Would Madam care to busy her mind?"

in waistline. These dresses run from $19.95 to $29.95.

BEST has a fondness for suits with blazer jackets. One such consists of a green wool coat piped with gray flannel ($15.95) to match a trouser-pleated skirt which has that new, high-notched waistline you've seen so much recently ($9.95). Plaid cardigans in reds and greens as bright as any parrot have green box-pleated skirts and cry out for yellow sweaters to go with them. (By the way, Best has a sweater gilet, with a back and a high, round neckline, that is a novelty to me. It looks like a natural for girls who like to keep their coats on; $2.) Then there are some blazer outfits which you'll want to save for extra-special dates. They're made of black rayon velveteen piped with black-and-white shepherd checks to match their diagonally pleated skirts; $22.95. Best also shows some useful, inexpensive corduroys in dark or bright colors. Single-breasted jackets cost $6.95, gored skirts $3.95. There are also loads of vests and slacks.

Pinafore dresses continue to hold their own with ease; one glance at Best's humdinger and it's not hard to see why. It's made of black rayon velveteen and has a heart-shaped bodice outlined with Irish crochet-type lace, a calico lining, and a red rose perched on one shoulder; $19.95, and equally good for evening or for afternoon parties. The same shop also has a Chesterfield dress that is a surprise and delight—a dead ringer for its coat namesake, except that it is belted in at the waistline. It comes in black, brown, or bright colors, costs $25, and I am crazy for it.

I SAID something in the beginning about the disappearance of feminine frippery, but I'd forgotten one thing. Lord & Taylor have come out with as astounding a college getup as you ever saw even back in the days when Clara Bow was playing sweet girl undergraduates. This consists of a simple, sleeveless, wool tunic dress worn over not a blouse, mind you, but a wool jersey leotard which may or may not have ruffles at the neck, wrists, and ankles. (A leotard, I perhaps should explain, is one of those all-enveloping, practically skin-tight garments stage dancers sometimes wear; it makes me think of, as much as anything, a suit of long winter underwear.) It's striking, at any rate, and it'll keep you warm all right if you've got the courage to wear it.

With that out of the way, let's settle back to consider the more down-

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to-earth clothes with which this shop abounds. There's nothing at all extreme about a suit made of whipcord, which you may find an agreeable variant of gabardine. It has patch pockets and looks sturdy enough to wear forever. Lord & Taylor also think highly of a blue-and-brown herringbone-tweed suit with a jumper frock that has a halter neck like those on sun-back dresses. Don't worry, there's a pale-blue jersey blouse to cover you up.

No college girl can ever have enough tweed or wool skirts, but L. & T., with an exceptional collection of them starting at $8.95, stand ready to do their best. To go with these, the shop offers magnificently tailored flannel shirts with convertible necks and long sleeves in dozens of solid colors for $7.95. The tailored one-piece dresses here would be hard to beat, especially the ones made of D. & J. Anderson woollens in peppermint-stripe or red-and-white-checked patterns. Anderson ginghams are old standbys, but the wools are new to me (or where have I been?) and I think they're fine.

Wool date dresses, it seems, are getting quite a play, and they should. Lord & Taylor have some beauties, such as a starkly plain red flannel one with a low, oval neck, long, tight sleeves and a real leopardskin belt. Golly! Another, made of black wool jersey with short sleeves, has the same sort of décolletage trimmed with dangling ball fringe. The first costs $39.95, the second $25.

BONWIT TELLER is going for two-piece date dresses, mostly wool, that resemble suits. They have short, fitted jackets which give a nice pinched-in-at-the-waist look and come in purple with a turnover collar and a pleated peplum or in Kelly green with black rayon velveteen lapels and gold hunk buttons. Sleek black ones, with a woman-of-the-world air about them, have slanting pockets outlined in jet paillettes. The most formal one of the lot is made of black rayon velvet with a standing collar and has a bow tie luxuriously edged with ermine tails. These affairs cost $29.95 and $39.95 and should be worn to dinner, or to the theatre, or on any occasion when you want to look especially attractive.

For the classroom, there are some pert two-piece outfits of a spun rayon that suggests thin wool. One you're almost bound to like has a chartreuse tuck-in blouse and a royal-blue skirt trimmed with one pea green and one red patch pocket; $19.95, and sprightly. Bonwit shows expertly tailored Shetland wool suits, which, although they may take a big chunk of your allowance, look as though they would last forever. The mannish, single-breasted jackets cost $39.95 and appear in beige, ginger, cherry, or larkspur blue; matching skirts are $14.95.

There are good topcoats here, too. A double-breasted camel's-hair polo coat with smoked-pearl buttons has a wide collar that turns up to keep your chin and ears warm. Swell to wear over bright suits. It looks now as if fur-lined coats were going to show up on campuses as well as everywhere else this autumn, and if you plan to fall in line you ought to consider Bonwit's knockout in red fleece with a detachable white curly-lamb lining. The latter could double as a laprobe when you sit up nights studying in a cold dormitory.

PECK & PECK have always been a collegians' hangout, even though there's no college shop there. The management suspects that hats are going to reappear both on the campus and on trips to town this winter and is backing its hunch up with a huge assortment starting at $3.95—dapper button-trimmed beanies, deep baby bonnets with grosgrain bows and veils that swoop below the chestline, visored hats with chicken-feather pompons, and Robin Hood numbers with quills shooting out in the proper manner. If anything can put hats back on college girls, these should do it. No reason, of course, that alumnae shouldn't find plenty of these things to their liking, too.

This shop shows a three-piece tailored wool ensemble that looks practical enough to carry a girl right through college and many years after. It consists of a navy-blue jacket bound along the edges with plaid ($22.95) and well-cut matching slacks ($12.95) and pleated skirt ($10.95). Then there are Tyrolean—but not too Tyrolean—suits made of rayon flannel in a greige shade instead of the usual gray, trimmed with green wool, and lined with yellow calico.

A smoothly tailored black melton-cloth lumberjacket (that's what it's called, but don't tell your lumberjack friends) has padded raglan sleeves that give you a stalwart, broad-shouldered look. Smart as anything. You can wear it with slacks at school or with a skirt on trips home. A water-repellent rayon gabardine trench coat that avoids that rainy-weather look has the novelty of a set-in belt and a low, bloused waistline, and it's so slim that at first I thought it was a dress. It costs $29.95 and the chances are it will become your favorite topcoat in no time.

BLOOMINGDALE is ready as usual with well-made clothes at good old budget levels. Perfectly grand jumper dresses are all over the college department, including some bright or pastel cotton-flannel ones that have lapels and button-on skirts and look like one-piece dresses. There are long-sleeved cotton-flannel Tattersall shirts to wear with them; $2.95, and couldn't be better. Tyrolean-type corduroys have heart-shaped necks and ditto-shaped pockets pierced with arrows. Two-piece rayon wools, pleasantly reminiscent of the famous Bramley dresses of the twenties, appear in light colors with dark over-checks and fasten down the back with pearl buttons; mothers and daughters will be equally ecstatic about them. All these things are $10.95. Here, too, you'll find long-sleeved wool pull-over sweaters that come in heavenly shades like coral and lilac and cost but $3.95.

Fred Picard, whom you may have heard of in connection with ski suits, has designed some navy cotton gabardine work clothes for Bloomingdale. They're workmanlike, all right, even to the extent of having drawstrings at the ankles so that the bottoms of the trousers won't catch in machinery or on bicycle pedals, but there are also red-and-white pipings to keep a girl from feeling she's only a drudge. Picard slacks with crescent-shaped pockets and trim jackets (slacks and jackets are $3.95 each) are very Katharine Hepburn. Picard's sleeveless coveralls are accompanied by red-and-white checked shirts. There are overalls, too, with rounded instead of straight-across bodices. Since there's no knowing when you may have to pitch in and help clean up your dormitory this year, you might do well to have a pair on hand.

As for luggage to hold your new clothes, Bloomingdale has bolster-shaped bags with double handles and made of two-tone, plaid-lined duck. These come in three sizes, from twelve-inch affairs at $2.95 to twenty-inch ones at $5.95, and are so light and easy to manage you won't care if you never find a porter again. —M. M.

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IT'S TREES OR ELSE IN KOKO NOR

CHUNGKING,
AUGUST 1ST

MY guide through the streets of Sining, the capital of Koko Nor Province, deep in the interior of Free China, was a Mr. Chou, a slight young fellow who had studied in Nanking and therefore had a right, which he exercised in a polite sort of way, to consider himself a man of the world. To most Chinese, the lonely outpost of Sining seems just about the end of the line. It is around seven hundred miles northwest of Chungking, China's wartime capital, and Chungking itself is regarded by many of the refugees who have fled there from the coastal cities as being barely on the fringe of civilization. Only rolling grasslands separate the west gate in the wall around Sining from the great, icy *terra incognita* of Tibet.

Mr. Chou is the secretary of General Ma Pu-fang, an adherent of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the governor of Koko Nor, with whom I had managed to arrange an audience, and he seemed pleased with his assignment of showing me around, primarily, I gathered, because it gave him a chance to brush up on his remarkably good English. Mr. Chou had brought along his bicycle, a brand-new, shiny, British-made Raleigh, not to ride, it developed, but simply because he had acquired it only the week before and didn't like to be without it any longer than necessary. In a way, too, the bicycle was a badge of his office. The General had given it to him out of a shipment of two hundred which a camel caravan had just brought in from India. "Imagine!" said Mr. Chou, patting the saddle of his bike affectionately. "All the way across Tibet, over mountain passes twelve thousand feet high!" The General, who had imported the bikes himself, had sold the hundred and ninety-nine others for $15,000 (Chinese) each, which is about $750 in American money.

We were walking along Sining's main street, Mr. Chou pushing his bike, when we were blocked at a crossing by a column of marching men in blue-gray cotton uniforms. They all had healthy brown faces and each carried a spade on his shoulder. "Army?" I asked. "Labor corps," said Mr. Chou. "All conscripted by the General. You see, everybody in Koko Nor is working for the General. These men are going out to plant trees."

One does not have to be in Sining long to realize that planting trees is one of the principal items on General Ma's agenda. Soil erosion is the great curse of Koko Nor, a territory roughly the size of Texas. Coming to Sining by truck from Lanchow, I had travelled miles and miles through wasted land—dry and brittle and covered with a thin, powdery dust. In some places farmers had put a layer of pebbles on their fields in a forlorn attempt to keep what little soil there was from blowing into the Sining and Yellow Rivers, but this precaution only discouraged the crops further and there were vast, arid stretches where practically nothing was growing. General Ma, with his tree-planting program, is out to change all this and put an end to Koko Nor's dust bowl.

THE street on which Mr. Chou and I were walking was lined with dozens of small shops in whose open fronts were displayed the modest essentials of life for their customers, most of whom, Mr. Chou told me, were country people. In one shop there were large brass stirrups, in another flashily colored cotton goods, and so on—soap, salt, fur coats, saddles, belts, prayer wheels, pots and pans, boots, yarn, and (for the fancy rich) fountain pens and watches. Prairie folk were strolling from display to display, fingering the merchandise with the diffidence that is an international characteristic of the country bumpkin on Main Street. This was a picturesque bunch of bumpkins. There were Tibetans spectacularly dressed in fur hats, red coats, and high boots, Mohammedans with turbans, and natives of Koko Nor Province with flat white felt caps.

"The trouble with Tibetans," said Mr. Chou, as we paused to watch a pair of them haggling with a shopkeeper, "is that they don't like our paper money. The way they figure it, next year they may go to some market place in India instead of here to do their shopping and then our money won't do them any good. They think silver dollars will always be silver dollars." I could understand the Tibetans' point of view, but, thinking of my audience with General Ma later that day, I decided not to argue the point and risk falling from grace. Instead I asked Mr. Chou if the Sining administration had any political difficulties with the Tibetans. "Oh no," he replied. "They are very much afraid of General Ma." Further along we came upon a large building which Mr. Chou told me was a Mohammedan school. He said he would gladly take me inside to show me how it was conducted if it weren't for the fact that all the students and teachers happened to be out of town just then, planting trees.

Mr. Chou led me into a large, square enclosure surrounded by stables, something like a corral. In its centre were fifty or sixty horses, half a dozen soldiers, and a number of violently gesticulating herdsmen. Mr. Chou explained to me that half the horses in the Chinese Army came from Koko Nor and that this was one of the places where herdsmen brought their animals to sell to the military. "Naturally the soldiers look the horses over and select only the best," said Mr. Chou. I remarked that the herdsmen didn't seem to care much for the terms they were being offered. "They obey General Ma's orders," he said simply.

WE walked on through the north gate of the city and, with Mr. Chou rolling his bike along at his side but never once mounting it, crossed a wooden bridge spanning the Sining River. Under us the water, of a shade between crimson and maroon, swirled and tumbled and rushed along, like thick, dark blood, carrying with it Koko Nor's precious top soil toward the Yellow River and ultimately the sea. It was getting on toward noon. We stopped briefly at a wayside inn, which was owned by a distant relative of Mr. Chou, and he reluctantly left his bicycle there. Then we started climbing a hill from which to get an over-all look at the town.

It was not a very high hill and we soon reached its dome-shaped top. Below us, on a narrow brown plain, lay Sining, snugly hemmed in by its stout square wall, which was broken at intervals by tall gates. The city looked at once forbidding and cozy—no push-over for conquest and a secure refuge from the winds off the range after range of snowcapped mountains which cut into the pale blue sky far to the west. In those mountains the western fringe of China faded off into the great Asiatic loneliness. "The eaves of the world," said Mr. Chou.

We went back to town so that I could keep my appointment with General Ma. In the sunny courtyard outside his ancient *yamen*, or official residence, several dignified Chinese and Tibetan chieftains were waiting in small, whispering groups for the General to receive them. The chieftains had brought him gifts, among them a horse, a pudgy, dumpling-like creature with fuzzy brown hair, all dressed up in red and yellow silk streamers. Thanks, I suppose, to Mr. Chou's influence, the palace guards took me inside ahead of the other visitors and swiftly ushered me into the *yamen* and the presence of General Ma.

THE General, who was waiting for me in his somewhat roomy reception hall, greeted me with a courteous nod. "I regret to have been unable to receive you yesterday," he said, "but I was out all day planting trees." He indicated that I was to sit across the hall from him, an arrangement which, if it did not exactly lead to intimacy in our conversation, did give me a good, full-length view of my host. The General looked in fine physical shape. He is about forty-five years old, six feet tall, bony, and muscular, and his brown face is typically that of a Moslem tribesman from northwest China. He wore a slight beard on his strong, square chin and a well-trimmed mustache above his expressive mouth. His eyes were large, dark, glistening, intelligent, and slightly slanted. He was dressed in a Chinese gown of heavy black silk.

A manservant in a sheepskin gown padded in, poured us tea out of a samovar-like brass pot with a small fire inside, and withdrew. "You see," General Ma said, slowly stroking his gown, "five years ago I took this province over from my uncle. Before that it belonged to my father. Someday, perhaps, my son, Chi-yuan, will rule Koko Nor. I have already appointed him commander-in-chief of my army. It is for him that the province must be developed. That is why we are always out planting trees."

I said that we did quite a lot of that in America, too.

"Oh yes, America," the General said with enthusiasm. "A wonderful country. I have heard much about it. I have two officers in my army who went to a military school in America, long ago. You have sent my friend, the Generalissimo, airplanes to fight the Japanese. Very good. One day Japanese planes came over here and bombed Sining, but they did not hit the *yamen*."

The General went on to say that Koko Nor was the biggest province in

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China except for Sinkiang but that it couldn't support many people—not more than a million or so. It was proud of the horses it bred (his own name, Ma, means "horse," he told me) but its wealth lay mostly in gold, copper, and coal. "That is where America can help us," he said. "We could use engines and generators and all sorts of machines to get this wealth out of the ground."

I had been in China long enough to sense that a futile discussion of lend-lease was in the wind and, to get the General's mind off his undeveloped resources, I remarked that Sining struck me as the cleanest city I'd come across in that part of the world. He smiled with frank pride. "But you should have seen it last year when the Generalissimo came up for a visit!" he exclaimed. "We had flower pots from one end of the city to the other! We may be remote but certainly we are not backward. In Koko Nor everyone knows what to do. The farmers in the hills know they must bring poplar saplings down to us so we can plant them in the valley. The artisans know they must contribute something to the government—carpenters and blacksmiths and saddlemakers and tanners all must work in my workshops one or two months every year. Koko Nor has no jail, for there are no thieves at all. Everybody in Koko Nor knows what he is supposed to do."

I asked General Ma what would happen to a citizen of Koko Nor who became a bit foggy about his obligations to the community. The General said he didn't think anything like that would occur. He did, however, recall that a couple of Communists had sneaked into his province a while back and tried to upset the status quo. The General told me he had had the Communists' heads cut off and placed in a large glass bottle which for some time thereafter was displayed in the centre of town so that everybody could have a good look.

I couldn't think of any answer to that one and said nothing. The General evidently took my silence as a sign of apprehension and sought to reassure me. Rising to indicate that the audience was over, he smiled and said, "We welcome visitors." —ERNEST O. HAUSER

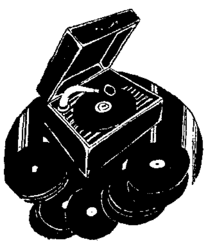
•

As we said a few days ago, there
Chaplin, will appear in Eugene
is very little chance that Oona
Frenke's picture, "The Girl From
O'Neill, the new Mrs. Charles
Leningrad."—*Albany Times-Union.*

That was a few days ago. Do you still feel the same?

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



IF you have all the Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and other famous symphonies and you'd like a switch from the standards, you might listen to Vincent d'Indy's second symphony (Victor DM-943). This fine work probably isn't a replacement for any of your favorites, but it's good listening and the performance by the San Francisco Orchestra, directed by Pierre Monteux, is distinguished.

The All-American Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski in charge, adds to the libraries Henry Cowell's "Tales of Our Countryside," with the composer as solo pianist (Columbia X-235), and still another Bach-Stokowski album (Columbia M-541). The Cowell opus is a set of four attractive sketches and the treatment by the performers is excellent. The Stokowski arrangements in the latest Bach volume deal with the celebrated Arioso (the melody appears in at least two of Bach's works), the prelude, No. 8 in E flat from the first book of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord," and the andante sostenuto from the unaccompanied A-minor violin sonata. All are lyrical and the Stokowski transcriptions are thoroughly juicy. Those who prefer "strict" Bach won't, of course, be enthusiastic, but just the same there's plenty of enjoyable sound on these discs.

For Brahmsians, there is the sonata, Op. 120, No. 1, which can be played either by clarinet and piano or viola and piano. Columbia M-487 supplies the sonata in the viola setup. Samuel Lifschey, first violist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is the man behind the bow. His collaborator at the piano is Egon Petri, and both artists do a sensitive, musicianly job. For extra value, Mr. Lifschey contributes viola settings of two gavottes from Bach's sixth suite, in D, for solo 'cello.

COLUMBIA M-539 presents Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," sung by Lotte Lehmann, with Bruno Walter at the piano. Although these recordings don't show Mme. Lehmann at her best and although Mr. Walter's accompaniments sound over-discreet, the essence of the songs is well projected, and anyone who has enjoyed the Lehmann-Walter recitals will find special pleasure in the set. Mme. Lehmann, with Paul Ulanowsky as assisting pianist, also may be heard in two Wagnerian songs—"Träume" and "Im Treibhaus" (Columbia 71469-D). I've heard more spectacular performances of these two "Tristan und Isolde" sketches, but Mme. Lehmann's singing is interesting and effective.

If you want lots of vocalists on one disc, there're the recordings of "The Red Sarafan" and "Monotonously Rings the Little Bell" by the General Platoff Don Cossacks, directed by Nicholas Kostrukoff (Victor 11-8454). These Cossacks sing handsomely. I like "The Red Sarafan" done less gleeclubbishly, but this is a virtuoso performance. If you want to sing yourself, there's a "Song Fest" by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, in which Arthur Fiedler conducts his men through eleven ditties, such as "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" (Victor 11-8453). The tempi are right for home vocalizing, and you don't often get such a good orchestra to accompany your efforts.

MOST people who have fooled around with two pianos probably have taken a whack at the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." The chore is done professionally and musically, however, in the recording by Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff (Victor 11-8455), who use an arrangement by L. Conus. They also neatly toss off Isidor Philipp's ingenious transcription of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

I NEVER heard Lillian Russell sing, and I have often wondered if she really had as much vocal stuff as veteran theatregoers used to tell me she had. Well, it seems the old boys were right. The evidence is a recording of "Come Down, Ma Evenin' Star," made privately in 1912. It's the only known record of her singing. Miss Russell was past her vocal prime then and the recording itself is no master creation, but the disc reveals a real voice and plenty of skill in using it. You'll find it on sale at the Collectors Record Shop, 825 Seventh Avenue (53rd). —R. A. S.

•

Nancy claims that she is more thorough in her washing routine if she wakes up first.—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

Well, everyone to his own system.

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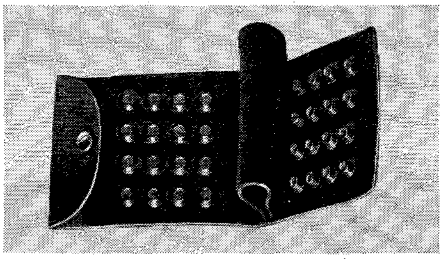

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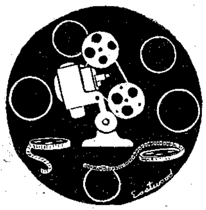
THE CURRENT CINEMA

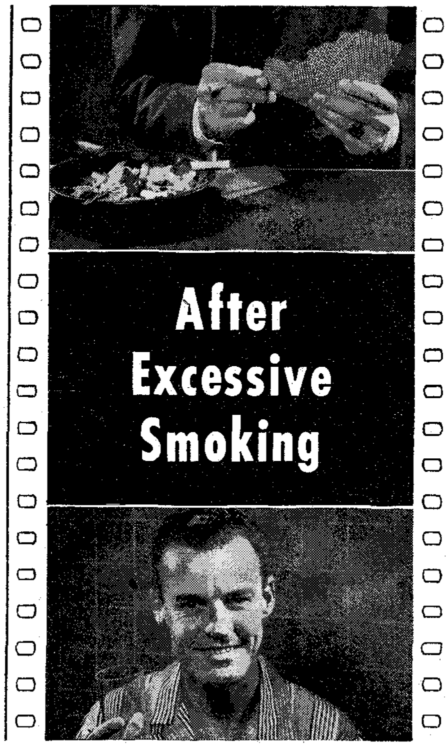
Garfield at Work



JOHN GARFIELD, although a little fellow, has three women to choose from in "The Fallen Sparrow." There's Maureen O'Hara, whom he finally selects, and Patricia Morison and Martha O'Driscoll, who are attractive enough girls in their way but apparently not what Mr. Garfield had in mind. These three are among the people he runs across in the course of a private investigation of the death of a pal. This investigation, which provides the backbone of the picture's plot, leads him into a number of tough situations and up against a number of spectacular villains. There's a possibility that these villains are a shade too spectacular. They are Germans and are properly portrayed as heels, but of almost too exotic a variety. They go in for poisonous drugs and that sort of thing.

Mr. Garfield plays the part of an American veteran of the Spanish Republican Army. While in Spain (before the beginning of the picture), he was captured and imprisoned and severely grilled for some information that was wanted by Franco's German friends. He was helped to escape by this pal of his, who got him back to America and out to Arizona to recuperate. While he was out there, the pal was killed in New York and the police called it an accident. Mr. Garfield thinks different and comes to town to check up. That's where the action begins, and it keeps moving right along from there on. What with Miss O'Hara as a beautiful but mysterious milliner, the two other girls as decorative friends, and Walter Slezak as a shady refugee, Mr. Garfield is kept busy. The picture, while it has a fairly high content of hokum, does have points in its favor. One is the information, picked up somewhere, no doubt, by the agents of R.K.O., that Nazi Germans were running Franco's war. Another is its rather novel ending, a little reminiscent of "The Maltese Falcon."

"DU BARRY WAS A LADY" is an example of a dubious musical comedy considerably mangled by the camera. The camera, of course, had its hands full when it was faced with Red Skelton in place of Bert Lahr and probably shouldn't have undertaken the



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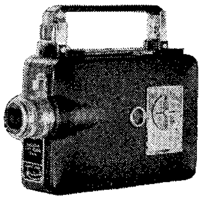

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job at all. Mr. Skelton all dressed up like Louis XV is no more winning than he is in plain clothes. He is not the man to wrest any comedy from the idea of a king's being pierced in the rear by an arrow, which Mr. Lahr was just barely able to do. There are other respects, moreover, in which the picture falls even shorter than the show. Lucille Ball doesn't measure up to Ethel Merman, for example, and Zero Mostel, who has simply been rung in and doesn't replace anybody, can't do much with a part that doesn't belong there. Five songwriters have been employed to add to the original words and music by Cole Porter, and though the score wasn't a good sample of Porter in the first place, they haven't been able to improve it noticeably. Gene Kelly's dancing is the only plus quantity the picture can claim, and he can't keep it up all day.

DIANA BARRYMORE has taken to horse and is appearing in "Frontier Badmen," a Western that contains more beef on the hoof than is altogether in line with Hollywood's professed policy of not teasing us on meatless Tuesdays. Appearing with her and several head of cattle are Robert Paige, Anne Gwynne, Noah Beery, Jr., Andy Devine, Leo Carrillo, and Lon Chaney, which is a respectable cast for a Western. As a matter of fact, this is a fairly respectable Western. It contains no developments that will startle you, but it goes about its business in an orderly fashion and nobody gets shot up unless he deserves it. Lon Chaney is actually Lon Chaney, Jr., and not the late phantom of the opera, who would have no place in this picture at all.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Mrs. R. K. Shumway, 19375 S. Lake Shore blvd. returned recently from New York City where she was visiting her sister, Miss Janet Pleadwell, formerly of Euclid. The climax of her visit was having a tooth extracted across from Tiffany's on Fifth ave.—*Euclid (Ohio) News-Journal.*

Euclid must have been an awful letdown when she got back.

•

DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

Q.—Please quote the lines from Shakespeare in which the expression "gilding the lily" occurs.

A.—In the play *King Kong*, Act IV, Scene 2, Line 11, there is the following passage: "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet..."

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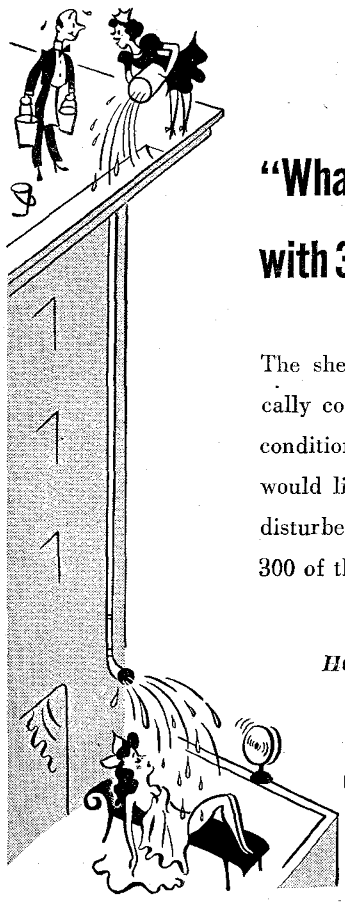

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DEPT. OF MISQUOTATION, CORRECTION, AND INTERURBAN RELATIONS

A recent New Yorker cartoon showed two weary rent-hunters walking past the White House. One sighed and said, "Do you suppose he'd let us have Eleanor's room?"

Whatever one may think of the taste of this cartoon, it is a fact that Our Eleanor is the most traveled and vociferous First Lady of all American history.
—*From an editorial in the Boston Herald.*

Editor, The Boston *Herald*,
Boston, Massachusetts

DEAR MR. CABOT:

YOUR editorial entitled "Peripatetic Eleanor" is magnificent, but it is not journalism. Whatever one may think of the taste of the cartoon you describe, it didn't appear in *The New Yorker*. It was in the *Saturday Evening Post*. This is a detail, but it matters, to us if to nobody else. When one of the leading conservative newspapers of the Atlantic seaboard attributes to us a joke we'd never seen before (and don't particularly care to see again), reproves us for the bad taste of the gag, and then uses it as a springboard for an editorial about Our Eleanor, it's bound to upset us. It's like having your necktie snatched out by a minister of the Gospel.

You see, Cabot, *The New Yorker* has for some years rather specialized in not printing gags about Our Eleanor. It's not much of a job, but it's a living. Ten, eleven years ago, it was another story; we did have a few drawings of the type you describe. One, for example, showed some coal miners staring in amazement along a mine tunnel, with one miner exclaiming, "For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!" That was in 1933. Skirts were being worn long, dance orchestras were playing "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and "Lazybones." Adolf Hitler had not yet become a matter of international concern, Primo Carnera was the heavyweight champion, and Roosevelt had proved to us all that the kindest thing you could do for a bank was close it.

Yes, in those days gags about Mrs. Roosevelt's love of travel were red-hot. But *The New Yorker's* readers are fickle, Cabot, fickle. They live from moment to moment, and their cry is ever "Give us something *new!*" In pandering to this frantic craze for novelty, our writers and artists have parted with the old traditions of fine craftsmanship; no longer is a joke polished, tested, and reinforced so as to give the

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ultimate consumer a lifetime of service. No sooner have we gone to press with a batch of jokes than we must start worrying about new jokes for next week. In this racket, Cabot, men with only one joke are soon squeezed dry and tossed aside like an orange peel.

Of course, when we read your editorial, we were convinced against all reason that somehow, by some monstrous piece of mismanagement, we *had* printed a drawing of a weary rent-hunter standing outside the White House and sighing to another weary rent-hunter, "Do you suppose he'd let us have Eleanor's room?" All editorial conferences and naps were cancelled and a search of the files was instituted. We were pretty much beside ourselves until the office boy suddenly remembered that he had seen the drawing in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The hell of it is, such things *can* happen. Once a poem got all mixed up, nobody has ever found out how; the lines appeared in no particular sequence, and the author made a regular old to-do about it, though none of the readers complained. Another time we said a certain man was an Indian when he was not an Indian. He was just an ordinary man in a double-breasted blue suit, and we said he was an Indian. So you can see how we'd be ready to believe that maybe something had gone wrong again and that we'd printed the gag about the weary rent-hunters. And while we're on the subject, Cabot, just what in tunket *is* a rent-hunter?

Very truly yours,
EDITOR, DEPT. OF MISQUOTATION, CORRECTION, AND INTERURBAN RELATIONS

•

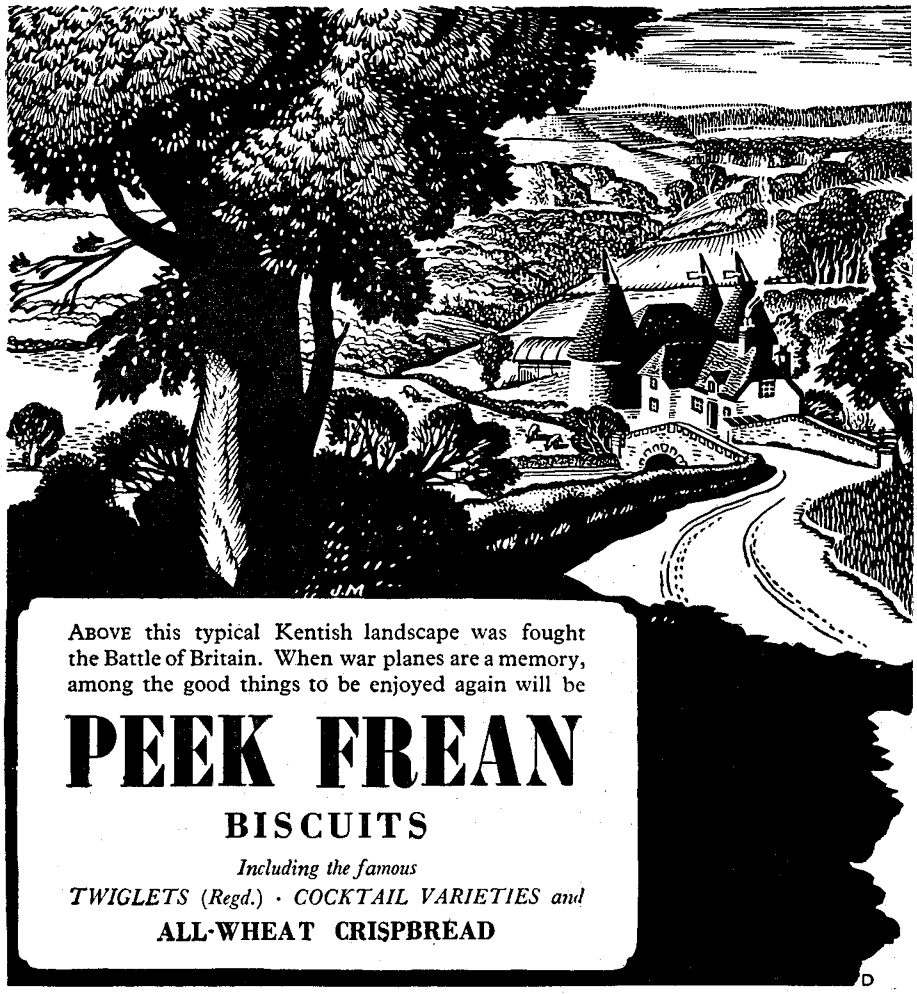
OPRY-HOUSE STOMP

$1,000,000 PHILLY OPERA HOUSE . . .
LARGEST JIVE PALACE
—*Headline in Variety.*

Now *una voce poco fa*
And villagers' "The duke! Huzza!"
Shudder into silence as
Opera's K.O.'d by jazz.

Now the mournful Miserere
Sounds pop. mat.'s obituary.
Derbied saxes drown the strings out.
Blatantly *le jazz hot* swings out.

Siegfried isn't hep to jive.
'Way for Mr. Five-by-Five!
"I Pagliacci's" reign is past.
It's "Götterdämmerung" at last.
—ETHEL JACOBSON



ABOVE this typical Kentish landscape was fought the Battle of Britain. When war planes are a memory, among the good things to be enjoyed again will be

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Today, the war has, of course, drastically curtailed the range of our activities until victory is won. Meanwhile, we will continue to seek sound values both in this country and, as far as possible, abroad, and to offer them to you when we find them.

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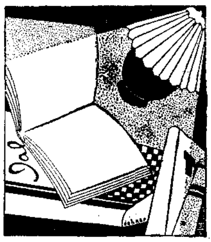
Messrs. Marquand and Seager



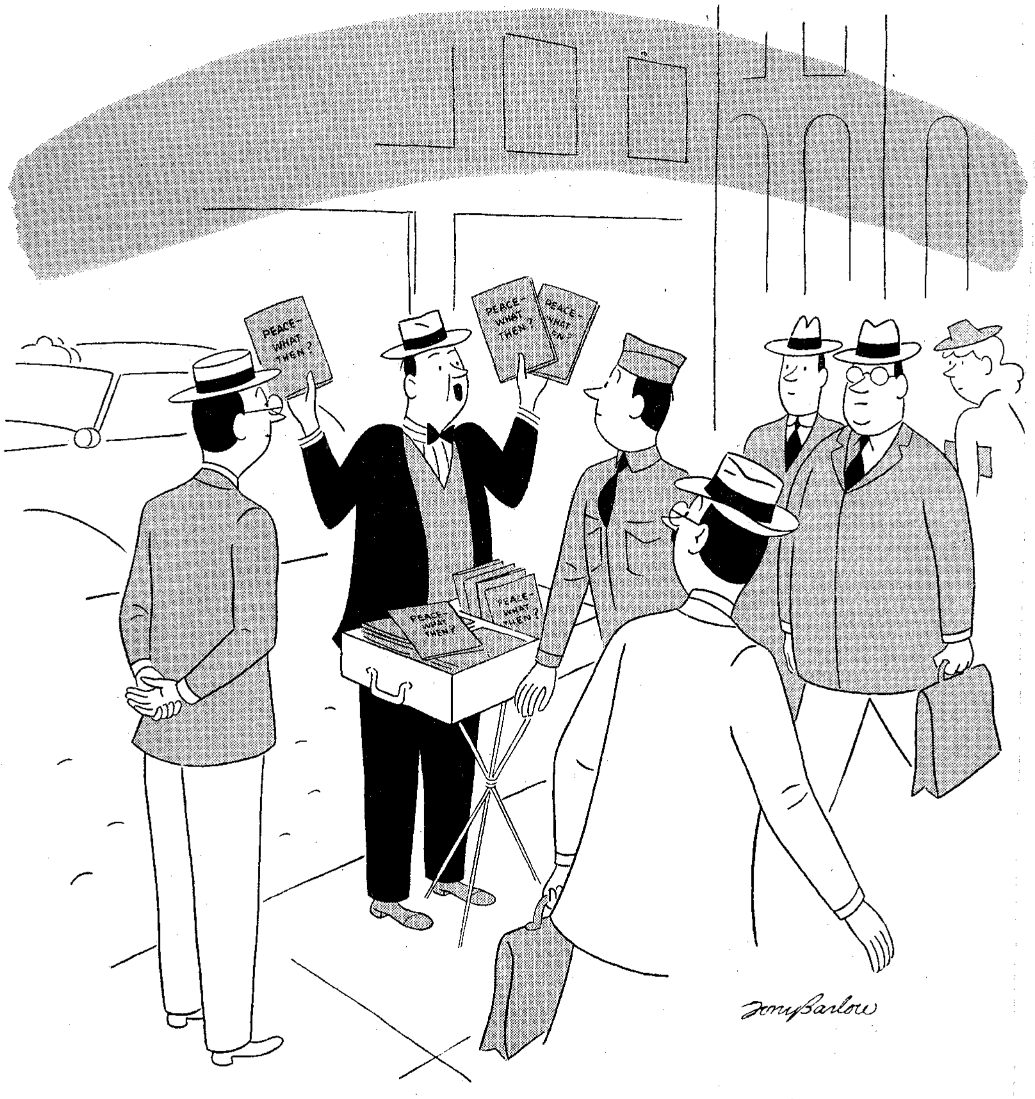
THERE is no other American writer doing quite the job John P. Marquand is doing today. Most of those who have tried to record our upper middle class have been bitter or adulatory or (like F. Scott Fitzgerald) able to see only its melodramatic singularities. Mr. Marquand is limited in depth and his work is slightly weakened by a weary politeness which always prevents him from going in for the kill, but his basic gifts are those of the true satirist. He has the non-exaggerating eye and the constant sense of the absurdity and frailty of human nature that make for sound social comedy. Writing of the people he knows, the "successes," he makes clear the dubious origins of their success, its uncertainty, its sterility. He has a circumscribed field—the uneasiness of those in easy circumstances—and he tills it well.

"So Little Time," his new novel, is more panoramic and therefore looser in construction than "The Late George Apley" or "H. M. Pulham, Esquire." It's longer, it says more about more serious things, but its tone and viewpoint are unchanged. I found it just as entertaining as Mr. Marquand's earlier books, as witty and as equable. The dialogue is perhaps even better in its bite, naturalness, and timing.

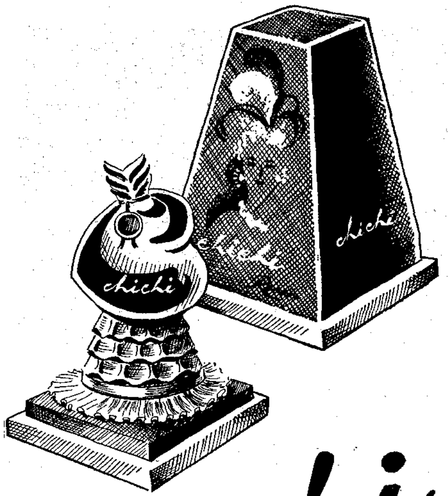
The action plays during the brief period from the invasion of Norway to the crowded weeks following Pearl Harbor. It is given an extra dimension by those retrospective cutbacks that we have come to accept as part of Mr. Marquand's method of story-telling. The central character, Jeffrey Wilson, is also purely Marquandian: the first World War (aviation) remains his big life experience, his marriage is only half successful, his work (play doctor) is remunerative but unsatisfactory, and his intelligence and humor are both too keen to permit him to view his friends with an overtolerant eye. It is with these friends that Mr. Marquand has characteristic fun: Minot Roberts, who looks and acts like a whiskey advertiser's idea of a gentleman; Walter Newcombe, the small-town boy who has somehow become a famous world correspondent and who talks about Winnie and the 'lissimo and Mei; Fred and Beckie, modish Connecticut farmers, complete even to the fireproofed hay; Jesse Fineman, play producer, a sharp, exact portrait of a type too frequently caricatured; Marianna Miller, an actress with whom Jeffrey has a brief and rather moving affair. Above all, Marquand has fun with Jeffrey's social-snob wife, Madge, pathetically in love with her husband yet without a way of reaching him.

Jeffrey, only half-alive himself except in his critical intelligence, does what many men in his position have found themselves doing. He tries to live through his nineteen-year-old son, Jim. The imminence of our entrance into the war (which Jeffrey feels keenly but to which most of his associates are obtuse) brings to a head the conflict between Jeffrey's passion to have his son experience life freely while there is still time and Madge's passion to have Jim do the proper, the orthodox thing.

Mr. Marquand makes the reader feel that there is no solution to the curious mess in which people like Madge and Jeffrey find themselves. The war cannot solve things for them. Madge will suffer, but her essential dull correctness will remain unaltered. Jeffrey will understand himself and his class better and better, with more and more ironical clarity, but it will be a private understanding that he can share with no one.


PEACE—WHAT THEN?
PEACE—WHAT THEN?
PEACE—WHAT THEN?
PEACE—WHAT THEN?
PEACE—WHAT THEN?

"Don't get caught by changing times, men! Make your plans now for the postwar world!"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the "Love Me" perfume by Renoir... if you would have him whisper "I love you", wear Chichi
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By Frances Crane
Author of THE YELLOW VIOLET, etc.
Pat Abbott, safely married now to Jean Holly, becomes involved with a group of Parisian Americans who have returned because of the war—a worldly-wise and sophisticated bunch, one of whom at least is also adept in the art of homicide. $2.00

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ter-aloes flavor quite unlike anything you're apt to have encountered in fiction of late. Better try it.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

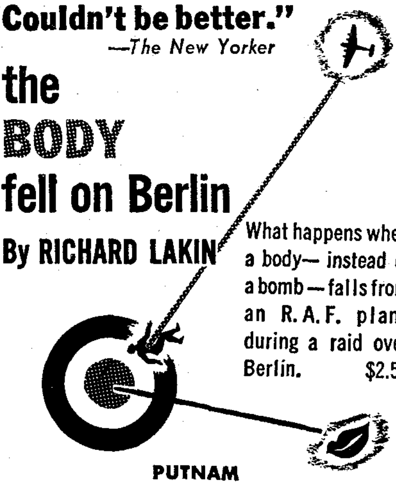
THE ARMS ARE FAIR, by Bradford Smith. In spite of its preoccupation with horror, this might be called an idyl of the Sino-Japanese war. In the invading army is a sensitive young student. Among the teachers in a Chinese university which is in process of evacuation is a friend who once studied in Japan. By accident they meet and the Chinese urges his friend to desert—a step the soldier cannot bring himself to take. However, the sadistic acts which his commanding officer forces him to commit end by driving him to kill the officer, after which he escapes. Finally he marries his friend's sister and becomes a teacher in the refugee university, where, dead to his own people, he finds a new life in reawakened China. Well done and no more improbable than a thousand true stories of this improbable war.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN, by Betty Smith. A remarkably good first novel about growing up in the Williamsburg slums in the years before the first World War. Mainly concerned with little Francie Nolan, from birth to first love, it is also about her engaging, frustrated father, her steely-souled mother, her small brother, and her aunt, whose morals are as original as her ways of getting what she goes after. The author sees the misery, squalor, and cruelty of slum life but sees them with understanding, pity, and sometimes with hilarious humor. A welcome relief from the latter-day fashion of writing about slum folk as if they were all brutalized morons.

GRAND CROSSING, by Alexander Saxton. A competently written first novel by a young man who recently went to Harvard and still seems sore about it. Michael Reed is an undergraduate of Harvard's social and literary upper crust who starts brooding over the sterility of education on the banks of the Charles and transfers to the University of Chicago. He is helped on the road to the good and grim life by boarding in a student coöperative house, by working as a railroad brakeman, and finally by deciding (the crux of the novel) to turn down an offer of a well-paid

The Dickens of China
THE Bridge OF Heaven
By S. I. HSIUNG
This novel—sly, witty, and wise—is perhaps best characterized by the quality described in *The New Yorker's* review as "that playful, intelligent, unsuperior delight in human beings just being human."
The story is of Ta Tung, who grew up in old China, and who played his minor, yet noble, part in Dr. Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary movement.
This book is the finished product of a Chinese Dickens. $2.75

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

"Couldn't be better." —The New Yorker
the BODY fell on Berlin
By RICHARD LAKIN
What happens when a body—instead of a bomb—falls from an R.A.F. plane during a raid over Berlin. $2.50

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Each of the others will walk up and down in his particular cul-de-sac, more or less conscious that it is a cul-de-sac and not a thoroughfare.

Mr. Marquand, of course, is light-handed with all this. He is not a tragic writer, and his hopelessness is mitigated by a constant wry smile. He knows that even his most admirable people—Marianna and Jeffrey—are of modest dimensions and that their frustrations lack grandeur.

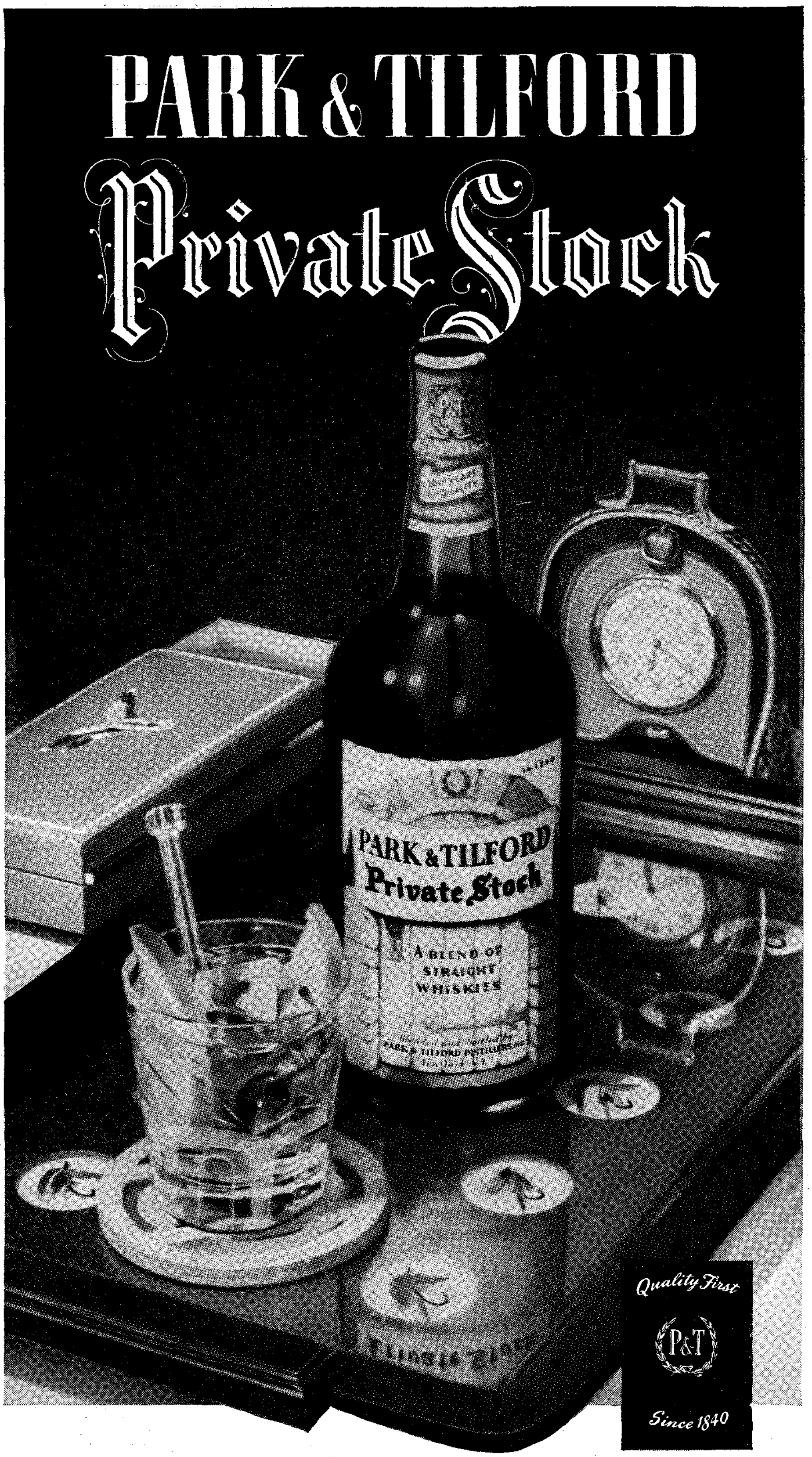
As for his lesser folk, his eye, as always, is on their absurdities and salient weaknesses. He is constantly witty but never pitiless in his wit, and his social specimens are pinned up neatly against a series of backgrounds (a New England small town, wartime Washington, Hollywood, Broadway, Sutton Place, fashionable Connecticut) all of which Mr. Marquand knows with satisfying intimacy.

"EQUINOX," by a comparative newcomer, Allan Seager, will probably cause a stir because of the unimportant fact that its theme concerns incest (unconsummated) between a father and his daughter. I had the uneasy feeling all through the book that if Richard Miles (he's a foreign correspondent; the novels this week are overdoing the idea) had only sat down quietly for an evening with his daughter, Mary, and explained some of the more troublesome facts of life to her, the situation could have been cleared up in jig time and Mr. Seager would have been left with no novel on his hands.

Instead, Mr. Seager has chosen to invent an evil psychiatrist, Verplanck, whose hobby it is to observe the mentally ill and give them a shove now and then in the direction of disintegration. Verplanck, who should be played by Boris Karloff, keeps the whole book going, perhaps, as I say, a bit unnecessarily.

I don't think this will bother you, however, for Mr. Seager is a brilliant writer who has gone to school to Joyce and learned heaps. His book is full of extraordinary scenes and characters, rather unhealthy ones, but rendered with an extraordinary intensity. I particularly liked the goatish Hungarian Ipolyi; Margery Elliot, who makes no bones about her liking for sex; and Stephenson, the Hart Crane-like poet.

"Equinox" doesn't quite hold together as a novel and runs about a third too long, but it is full of set pieces of undeniable coruscation and has a bit-



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job in Washington in order to lead a free existence on his own humorless terms. Mr. Saxton has more to learn about life than about writing.

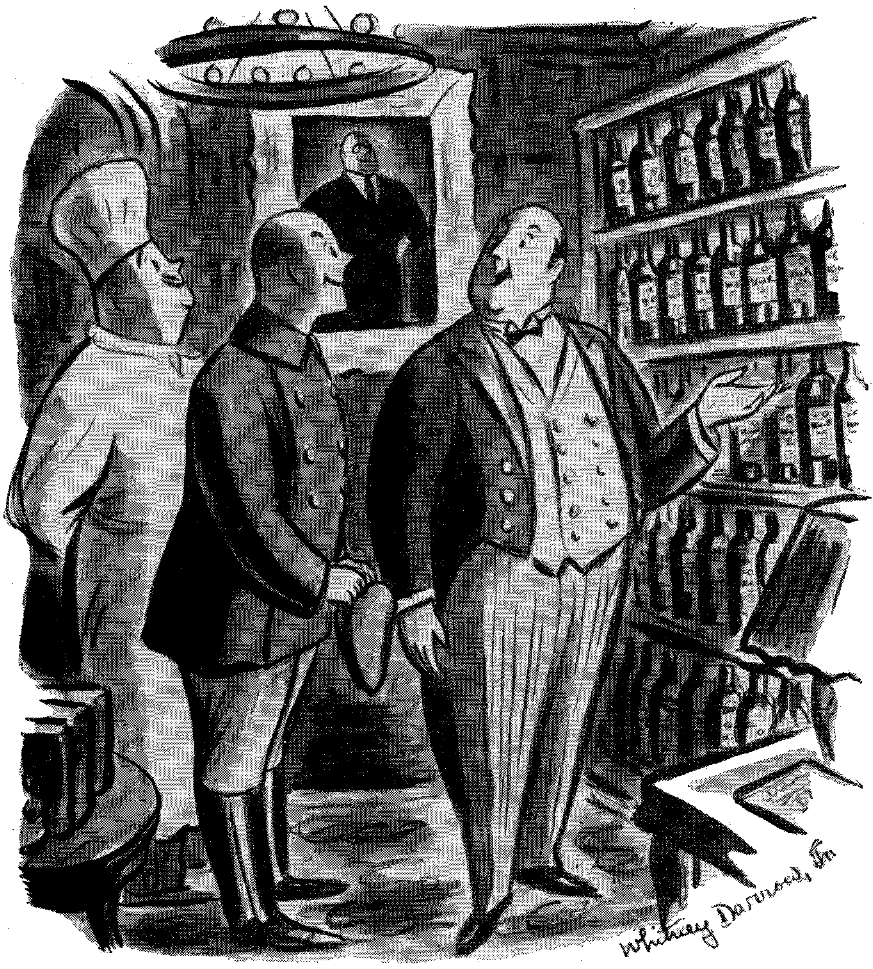
AT HEAVEN'S GATE, by Robert Penn Warren. A reversal of the formula for Southern novels which pictures a group of wealthy businessmen, a heroine who behaves as if she had never heard of pure Southern womanhood, and some university students drawn from rather dated Greenwich Village models. Although there is no outward decay in the old family mansion, there is plenty of it in the hearts of the characters. The heroine, for instance, takes, in rapid succession, three lovers with whom she has affairs of varying degrees of exhibitionism. You probably won't care much that she is finally murdered by one of her unpleasant beaux.

GENERAL

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN, by Lloyd Morris. In mood and approach, this is almost a sequel to Henry Adams: the autobiography of an American mind from the eighteen-nineties to the nineteen-forties. It lacks, in the main, Adams' sense of the whole, and the after-the-first-World-War chapters add up to little more than expatriate nostalgia. A good two-thirds of the book, however, comes close to being first-rate in its urbane and penetrating exposition of American cultural experience. Includes a notable portrait gallery of worthies from John Dewey to Buffalo Bill, plus a brilliant recreation of the author's nineteenth-century, brownstone-front New York family.

WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?, by Kay Swift. This is the one about the lady and the cowboy. Miss Swift, a New York songwriter, married a wrangler she met at the late World's Fair and went to live on a horse ranch in Oregon. Her adventures with carnival men, hired couples, French poodles, other people's divorces, and further odd flora make a nicely varied mélange of personalities, cheerfulness, and good fun. Briskly written, but with perhaps too many smart clichés.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING, by the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill, C. H., M. P., compiled by Charles Eade. Third collection of Mr. Churchill's war messages and speeches. Like the two previous volumes, this compilation, which covers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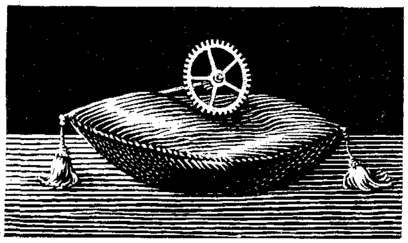

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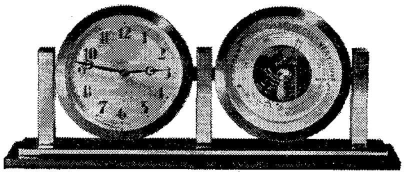

CHELSEA CLOCK COMPANY
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1942, includes a running chronology of events in the war.

INDIA'S PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED, by DeWitt Mackenzie. An Associated Press man reviews the Indian situation and analyzes the failure of the Cripps conference in some detail. He suggests the immediate establishment of a provisional coalition government, in which the British interests and the various Indian factions would be adequately represented. Rather loose-jointed writing. Photographs.

HALF A WORLD AWAY, by Frances Long. The experiences of an American girl who is the daughter of a consular official stationed at Shanghai before the war. She was captured when the Japanese took Manila, was interned for several months in the Santo Tomás detention camp, and later returned to America on an exchange ship. Simply written, naïve, and touching.

THE HERITAGE OF SYMBOLISM, by C. M. Bowra. Learned, sensitive essays by an English scholar on the development of symbolist tradition in the poetry of Valéry, Rilke, George, Alexander Blok, and Yeats. Detailed analysis, many quotations, and conclusions both perceptive and sound.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DOUBLE TRAGEDY, by Freeman Wills Crofts. Inspector French, as meticulous as ever about footprints, fingerprints, tire tracks, and alibis, outsmarts a murderer in Little Wokeham, Surrey, and gets back the Winnington family jewels. No surprises in this, but the Inspector's admirers don't seem to expect or want them anyhow. Very good, in its leisurely way.

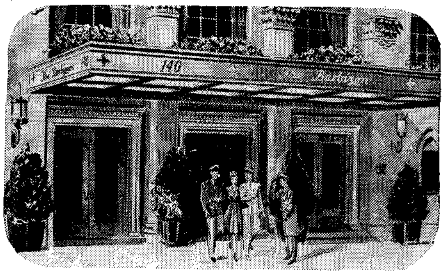
WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY, by Manning Coles. Jim Warnford is discharged from the British Army Tank Corps before the war because of an unjust accusation by one of the other officers. Back in civilian life, he meets up with John Marden, professional burglar, safe-cracker, and gentleman. Together they stumble across a German spy ring and also find evidence which clears Warnford's name. In a literate manner, it's both humorous and exciting.

•

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[*Sidney Skolsky in the Post*]

She sleeps in pajamas and wears both parts.



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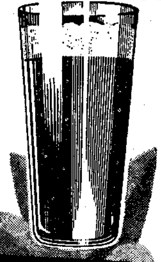

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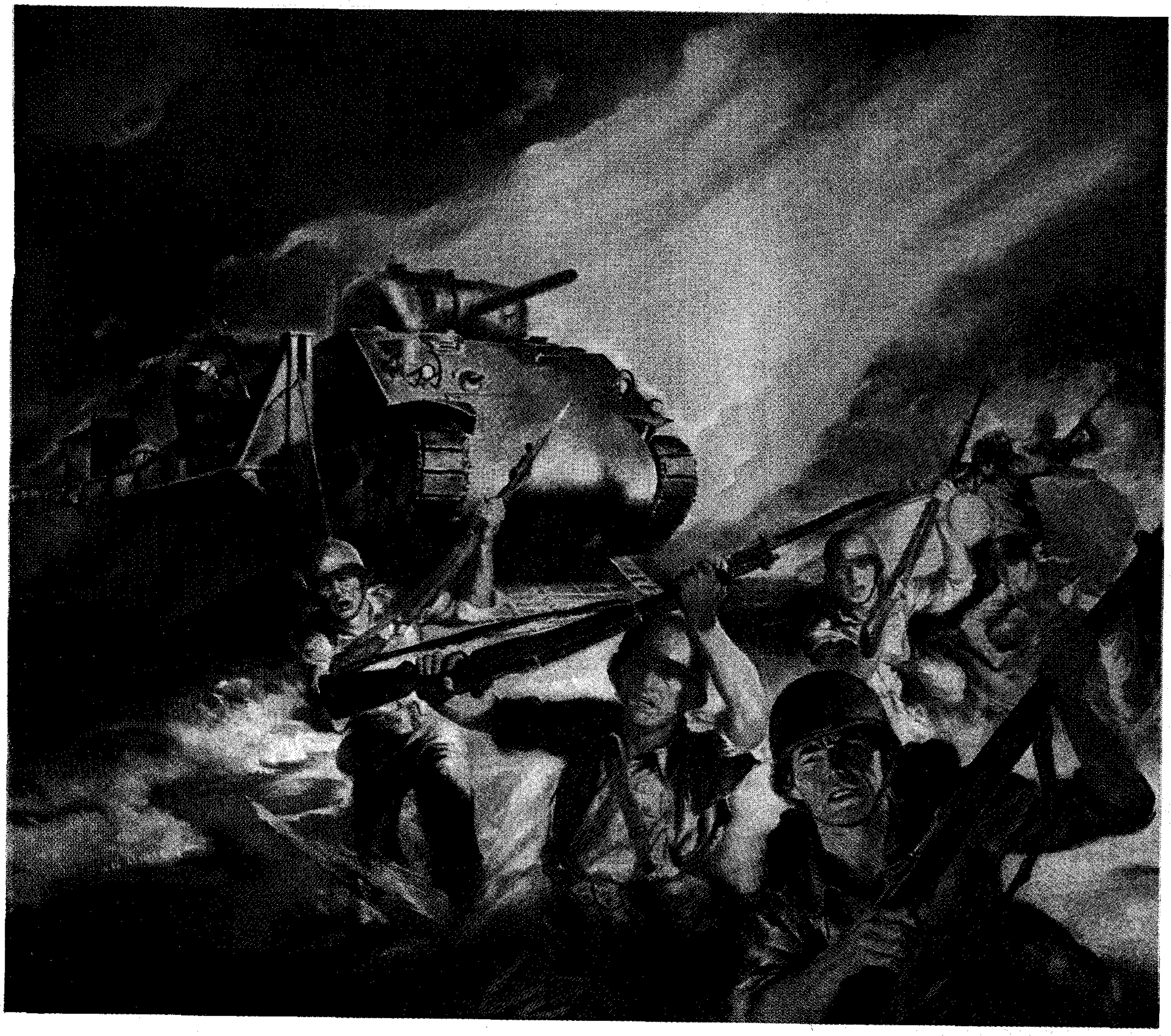

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Yes, the heat's really on. And while we can't tell you how many engines we're building, we can say this. You can find General Motors Diesels from African deserts to Burma jungles—and on the seas between. They're in tanks, trucks, landing and patrol vessels, tractors and many other tools of war.

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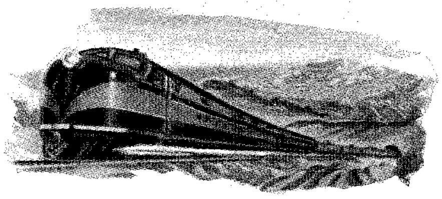

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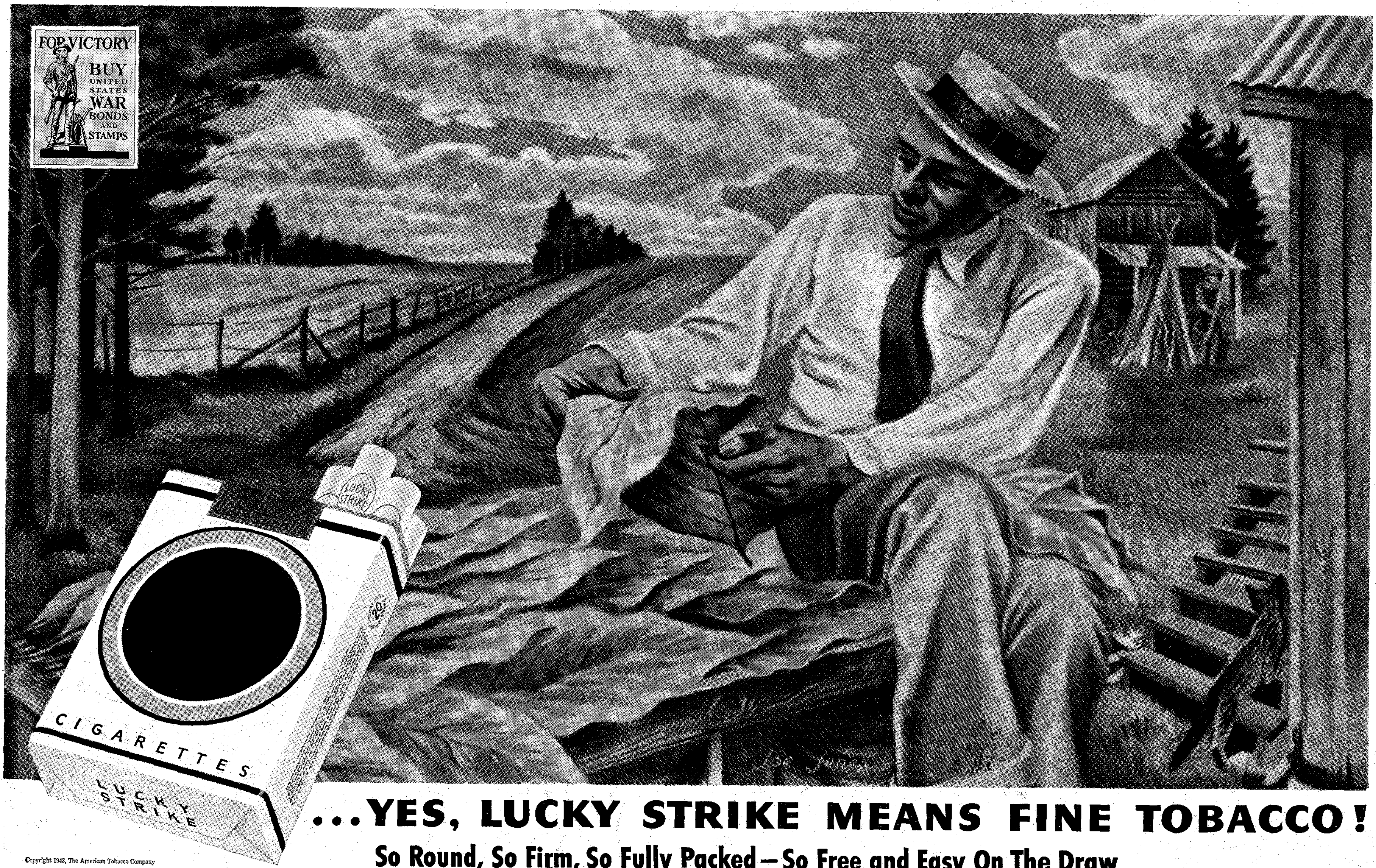
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